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THE LAND BILL.

IF genuine disappointment has been felt by any one at the time occupied by the reclamation and emigration clauses of the Land Bill, the quality of hope in that person must exceed the quantity of his experience or foresight. In different ways these clauses were of the greatest interest to precisely that section of the House which is least scrupulous as to the means of bringing about its desires of revenging itself for their disappointment. How the Irish party are affected to the reclamation clauses may be described by exactly the same felicitous phrase which one of their number furnished last week in reference to the clauses respecting the establishment of a peasant and farmer proprietary. When there is a chance of dipping the hand into the national exchequer, the objection of some honourable gentlemen to benefiting by the action of an alien Parliament vanishes altogether, and their only anxiety is for the extension of the power of dipping. Mr. GLADSTONE has during the week been in a mood of conciliation towards the Irish party, which may be thought to be a fair corollary of the similar mood in which during the week before he was disposed to listen to the Opposition. But, unfortunately for the extreme Parnellites, the demands they had to make touched Mr. GLADSTONE on his tenderest point, on his "financial conscience," as, by a rather singular subdivision of the moral sense, he himself calls it. The PRIME MINISTER'S most determined enemies will not deny that he is a vigilant trustee of the taxpayer's interests, and the demands made upon him by some of the Irish members ignored those interests in a most complete manner. Logically Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY, who seems to have a special faculty of irritating the PREMIER, had decidedly the best of it in his argument—that political economy having been thrown to the winds in the earlier part of the Bill, there was a certain inconsistency, not to say pedantry, in appealing to it in reference to the latter part. But no English statesman, and least of all Mr. GLADSTONE, governs himself by considerations of logic, and the circumstances must be admitted to alter the cases. Fixity of tenure, free sale, and fair rents violate political economy to the immediate detriment only of the Irish landlords; lavish expenditure of national money on reclamation, on the purchase of properties for *morcellement* and the like, violate it at the expense of the English taxpayer, and at the risk of the equilibrium of future budgets. Yet Mr. GLADSTONE was undoubtedly right in his resistance to these exorbitant demands; and that resistance might have been accentuated yet further without much harm being done.

The emigration matter (as was well known beforehand would be the case) is one of those questions of sentiment, slightly complicated with considerations of a very different kind, which, in regard to Irish matters, always produce the most troublesome debates. It was, perhaps, a tactical error of Mr. GLADSTONE'S that, in introducing the subject, he laid some stress on the comparative indifference of the Government to the clause and on their readiness to abandon it in case a decided weight of Irish opinion were against it. It was surely unnecessary to offer a premium on obstruction to those who are at all times too ready to obstruct. The same may be said of the acceptance of Mr. HEALY'S not very intelligible amendment, which seems to limit the benefits, such as they are, of the clause to "districts" the inhabitants of which unanimously or in a considerable

body wish *cælum mutare*. The days and nights of quibbling over meaningless or unimportant amendments, of indignant protests against the Government for being five minutes late on parade, of unseemly onslaughts on Mr. FORSTER, and so forth, are perhaps not wholly unconnected with this ostentatious open-mindedness on the PRIME MINISTER'S part. It is very much to be regretted that some of the more irresponsible members of the Conservative party should have assisted Mr. PARNELL'S tail in carrying out these tactics. The conduct of the Opposition has been almost uniformly (and in the case of the Opposition leaders uniformly) admirable, in reference to a measure which they distrust and dislike, but the importance of which they feel to be great. It would be very much to be regretted if the credit deserved and obtained on this score should be endangered at the eleventh hour by inconsiderate freaks on the part of individuals. The danger is not yet over that the Opposition may after the Bill has come down from the Lords have a weighty task thrown on them of endeavouring to effect a compromise between the demands of those who want and the resistance of those who have. That danger has been lessened by the concessions of the Government, but it has not wholly disappeared. In the consideration of possible Lords' amendments, always a difficult matter, much will depend on the Opposition being able to show not merely a united front, but a clean record of past conduct. Hitherto that record has been almost spotless, and it is the duty of all who have influence in the party to keep it as fair as may be.

The intrinsic importance of the emigration clause is perhaps inferior to its importance as a sign and symbol. The actual emigration from Ireland is considerable, and shows no sign of diminution. Not a few persons of weight are of opinion that the provisions of this Bill will largely stimulate it. The shrewder farmers are likely to realize the bonus which it gives them as soon as possible, and to carry it off to America. The more unwise and the more involved are likely, on the strength of their new stake in the country, to involve themselves hopelessly with the Gomben man, and (the period of mercy from landlords being over, and a *régime* of simple business being introduced) to have no alternative left them but liquidation and exile. The almost certain result of universal and oppressive rack-renting after a short time, by the addition of the charges of an excessive entrance money for tenant-right to the amount paid to the landlord, would have the same effect. But these are not the ways in which any well-affected person wishes that the equation between the feeding power of Ireland and the mouths to be fed should be solved. Moreover, the incorporation of an emigration clause in the Bill goes far to deprive it of the appearance which it might otherwise have of being a direct, unmitigated, and unqualified attack on the pockets of the landlords. The proposed omission of the clause, therefore, excited feelings in the Opposition and in the moderate Liberal party the importance and reasonableness of which the PRIME MINISTER seems to have rather under-estimated. On the other hand, the Irish members who pose as patriots have many reasons for advocating its rejection. To say that they wish to have the poor always with them for purposes of agitation would be uncharitable, though not, it is to be feared, in every case unjust. But their opposition has a patriotic air as Irish patriotism goes. It pleases the priests, who, in parting with their parishioners, fear to lose their souls, and are certain to lose their dues. It may very plausibly

argue for itself that it is unfair to urge, even in the gentlest manner, any Irish tenant to disable himself by absence from participation in the next slice (whenever it may be cut) of the landlord's property. At the same time, the chances of the Bill would, no doubt, be seriously damaged by the omission of the clause, and it may be that they have not been improved by Mr. FORSTER'S weak acceptance of a preposterous pecuniary limitation. Two hundred thousand pounds will not transport in decency and comfort more than fifty thousand persons even to Canada. This is not one per cent. of the population of Ireland, and but a small fraction of the actual unassisted yearly emigration. It is perhaps premature to speculate as to what alterations in the Bill may legitimately be demanded by the House of Lords as the price of their acceptance of it. Something in the direction of Mr. HENEGAN'S nearly successful proposal may perhaps be suggested; and, whatever may be the fortunes of Sir JOHN RAMSDEN'S proposed amendment or clause as to purchase of the estates of those landlords who may decline the new conditions of ownership, it is sure to be heard of again. The justice of the demand is indeed beyond question. Mr. GLADSTONE has refused compensation to landlords on the ground—theoretically, at least, tenable—that he denies the infliction of any pecuniary injury upon them. Although this is almost demonstrably a mistake, the position may for the sake of argument be granted without in the least endangering the alternative claim. A landlord may say with the most absolute reason, "I do not 'accuse you of lowering the pecuniary value of my property—I do not ask you for compensation, still less for a 'bonus. But you have, without my consent, and in spite of 'my refusal to consent, entirely altered the conditions of its 'tenure, conditions which in many cases formed a part of a 'bargain which I have quite recently made with the State. 'I therefore demand that you give me the alternative of 'receiving the fair arbitration value of what you allow to 'be still mine, and let me go." It would be rather curious to know what the fervent supporters of the Bill can say to this. They would probably repeat the unhistorical and exploded fiction of the possession in a state of dormancy by the tenant of those rights which the law now confers. But it is useless and undignified to argue with those who tender forged titles as arguments.

#### PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

ALTHOUGH the physicians are not yet able to report that the President of the UNITED STATES is absolutely out of danger, his uninterrupted progress towards convalescence justifies sanguine hopes of his recovery. Even if a relapse should unfortunately occur, the shock to general feeling would not be so violent as if the attempt of the assassin had been immediately successful. Mr. GARFIELD'S political opponents within the ranks of his own party have reason to congratulate themselves on the failure of a disreputable member of the same faction. GUILTEAU was careful to proclaim himself an adherent of CONKLING and ARTHUR, perhaps in the wild hope of obtaining their protection, or possibly through a desire to associate them with his crime. He also took occasion before and after the outrage to enunciate some of the vulgar paradoxes by which modern cutthroats are in the habit of excusing their cupidity, their treachery, and their disregard of human life. He had perhaps been in the first instance demoralized by the apologies for regicide and for less ambitious forms of murder which he may have read in the pamphlets and speeches of Fenians, Nihilists, and Communards. If he has now any attention to spare from meditation on his own well-deserved fate, he may perhaps be disappointed to learn that he is regarded on all sides as in all respects a commonplace criminal, except for the magnitude of his guilt. No one affects to believe that he had any public object to promote, or that he was the victim of any political illusion. He only wished to revenge an imaginary wrong in such a manner as to secure the widest notoriety. The only circumstance which requires explanation is that he should suppose himself to have any claim on a PRESIDENT whose nomination he had, as a humble partisan of GRANT, opposed to the utmost of his power. Perhaps he supposed that, as a follower of CONKLING, he and the faction to which he belonged had been deprived of the fruits of a compromise between the two sections of the Repub-

lican party. The unsuccessful attempt to commit murder is not a capital crime; but in the present temper of the people the severest sentence will be generally approved.

When the PRESIDENT was thought to be in imminent danger some political writers attempted to apply the impending catastrophe to party purposes. Although they could not make Mr. ARTHUR and Mr. CONKLING even indirectly responsible for the crime, they hinted that the passions excited by recent struggles had found exaggerated expression in the assassination of Mr. GARFIELD. Unluckily for himself, Mr. CONKLING had a few days before made a bitter attack on his successful adversary; and it was known that the elevation of Mr. ARTHUR to the Presidency would cause a change in the composition of the Cabinet. The favourable accounts from Washington which began a day or two after the attempt deprived party polemics of their principal interest. Mr. ARTHUR seems to have acted with prudence and propriety when he was invited by the Ministers to take a part in their deliberations during the disability of Mr. GARFIELD. Although his elevation to the highest post in the Republic has been prevented or postponed, his position on the steps of the Presidential chair has become for the first time an object of public attention. He has apparently convinced the Republican leaders that he was not discreditably ambitious, and that he might in case of need be safely entrusted with the conduct of the national administration. When there appeared to be no longer any immediate danger Mr. ARTHUR judiciously returned from Washington to New York.

The principal loser by the crime of GUILTEAU is, perhaps, Mr. CONKLING. He appears to be still engaged in the interminable contest for the vacant Senatorship in New York, and two or three times a week he is reported as having obtained on a new ballot about thirty votes out of more than five times the number. The contest is diversified by scandals and squabbles such as the elimination of Mr. PRATT on the ground of some defect in his private conduct, or by the real or reported bribery of a member of the Assembly by a State Senator. Any enthusiasm which may have been felt for Mr. CONKLING or his opponents has wholly collapsed. His claim on the sympathies of his faction was founded on the alleged ill-treatment which he had received in the matter of patronage; and now it would be useless in New York or in any part of the Union to raise a clamour against the PRESIDENT. It may be conjectured that in course of time the Legislature of New York will be tired of a dead-lock, though the prolonged contest has happily little bearing on the public interests. Few even among American students of political nomenclature, outside the State of New York, will understand the distinction among "stalwarts," "anti-CONKLING stalwarts," and "half-breeds," the last term meaning supporters of the PRESIDENT. Some foreign journalists have fallen into the mistake of describing Mr. GARFIELD as the champion and the martyr of official purity. The feud which has disturbed the commencement of his administration had its origin in the appointment, on purely party grounds, of Mr. ROBERTSON as Collector of New York. His predecessor was displaced not on the ground of incompetence, but because a place was wanted for a nominee of Mr. BLAINE and an active opponent of General GRANT. Mr. CONKLING might, if such a claim had suited his purpose, have taken the opportunity of defending the newer and purer principles of distribution of patronage, but probably a leading party politician would alienate his adherents if he were suspected of preferring the interests of the public service to the pretensions of active politicians. In truth, all American managers of elections are agreed in the expediency of maintaining the present system. Mr. GARFIELD before his nomination belonged to the same class which includes Mr. CONKLING, Mr. BLAINE, and Mr. ARTHUR. His skill in party management was so well known that he took a principal part at Chicago in defeating the candidature of General GRANT. His services to his own section of the Republican party were rewarded by nomination to the Presidency, when it became evident that the principal leaders, Mr. CONKLING, Mr. BLAINE, and Mr. SHERMAN, were severally unable to secure a majority. If Mr. GARFIELD recovers, he may probably, like his predecessor Mr. HAYES, encourage to some extent the reform of the Civil Service. A President is more independent than a Senator or a member of the House of Representatives of the party interests to which he may formerly have been devoted. Even Mr. ARTHUR,



who is a professional manager of primary assemblies, of conventions, and of all forms of political machinery, might, if he succeeded to the Presidency, perhaps, prefer the public welfare to the interests of his party.

The sympathy which has been felt for Mr. GARFIELD both in his own country and in Europe has been creditably exempt from political motives. General HANCOCK, the late Democratic candidate for the Presidency, may be supposed to have represented the sentiments of his party in expressing his detestation of the crime, and his good wishes for the recovery of the PRESIDENT. The Governors of several Southern States have agreed to concur in a fast or festival which it is proposed to institute in celebration of the abortive outrage. All Americans feel that they are injured by the attack on their chief magistrate; and their horror of assassination derives additional intensity from the conspicuous station of the latest victim. The universal feeling of indignation and of compassion which has been exhibited by foreign countries is essentially genuine, though it may, in some instances, have assumed an ostentatious form. One of the many felicities of the American nation consists in its exemption from jealousies and collisions with nearly all other civilized States. With France, Germany, and Russia, the Americans maintain intimate relations, because there can scarcely be any cause of quarrel. The various Governments think it prudent to court a great Power which may possibly be an ally, and their subjects for the most part regard the institutions of the United States with good will and admiration. The less friendly element in American diplomacy has for a whole century been almost exclusively confined to relations and negotiations with England. It may be hoped that traditional prejudice has in some degree subsided on the American side, and it has never been reciprocal. Englishmen of all parties would gladly cultivate friendship with a kindred nation, and they naturally display their good will on such an occasion as the attempted assassination of the PRESIDENT. The sour English democrats who seize the opportunity of exalting presidents in comparison with kings form the only section of the community which seeks to profit by a lamentable crime. Probably the sincere sympathy which has been shown in England may be to some extent appreciated in America.

#### TUNIS.

THE difficulties pressing on France as the consequences of the Tunis expedition increase from day to day. Sfax has been bombarded; but Sfax is still in the hands of the Arabs, and the Arabs in Sfax return the fire they receive. It is true that they do little or no harm, for they have no artillery of sufficient calibre to hurt the bombarding vessels; but that the Arabs should fire even ineffectually shows that they are not frightened. The French have not been able to land, partly on account of the shallowness of the water, and partly on account of the numerical strength of the enemy. The attacks on Europeans, which were the beginning of hostilities at Sfax, have been repeated at Gabes; and the French acknowledge that they must occupy both places to put down the rising of the Arabs. The Tunisian troops, who were sent to aid the French in suppressing the insurrection, entirely refused to fight against their brethren; and the curious spectacle was presented of a French man-of-war lying alongside of the transport carrying the allies of France and ready to blow up their new friends if they expressed their real sentiments too openly. Nothing, again, can be more abnormal than the relations of France and the Porte on the African coast. A Turkish man-of-war, which came to see what was going on on the Tunisian coast, was chased by a French cruiser until it had been driven to the remotest part of Tripoli. Another Turkish man-of-war bringing reinforcements to Tripoli from Turkey was accompanied on her voyage by a French vessel which was charged with the mission of seeing that the Turkish troops were sent to their prescribed destination and nowhere else. The Porte, on the other hand, has exacted and received from Egypt a promise not to recognize the claim of France to represent Tunisians. In Algeria the famous BOU AMENA has made an attack on a French force separated from the main body to which it belonged. The attack failed, but what deserves notice is, that it was not the French who were trying to capture or defeat the Arab leader, but it was he who was lying in wait to take ad-

vantage of any false step or imprudence of his enemies. But all these annoyances are to a nation like France comparatively small things. The really serious danger is that a general rising of the Mahomedans against their Christian conquerors, protectors, or allies, may take place along the whole coast of Africa from Morocco to Tripoli. This is not at all an imaginary danger. It is one that may be realized before many months are over, or if it does not present itself actually so soon, it is one against which France may have to guard for many years. And it is a danger against which it is by no means easy to guard. The SULTAN could bring about such a rising whenever he pleased, and it is by no means certain that he can prevent it, even if he wishes to prevent it. If he does not govern or influence Mahomedan countries on Mahomedan principles, he runs a very great risk of being assassinated or deposed. If he does, he appeals necessarily to feelings and traditions which it is much easier to excite than to restrain in the untutored minds of African Arabs. France wishes, or, it may be said, is forced, to use every possible means of preventing encouragement being given by the Porte to a general rising in Africa; but, in order to show that she is in earnest, she thinks herself obliged, and probably really is obliged, to use some degree of force. She chases, or waits on, Turkish ships. How to do this without going to war is a very delicate question, and it is impossible that France should always be happy in the mode she adopts to solve it.

The French Government, and those who influence the Government without being in it, are very anxious to show that Egypt and the rest of North Africa are two totally different things. Every possible care is taken to mark a readiness to co-operate with England in Egypt; and it is indisputable that the danger which threatens France in the remainder of North Africa has no existence in Egypt. There the population has no fanaticism, no wish to rise, no hatred of the foreigner. But, at the same time, there is no doubt that the influence of England in Egypt has been increased by the French occupation of Tunis. This partly arises from the feeling that the SULTAN has been hardly treated by France, and partly from the perception that England is the real obstacle to the French dealing with Egypt as they have dealt or may deal with the rest of North Africa. As a rule, Frenchmen think very little of Egypt, and those who used to think most have ceased to pay much attention to a country which has settled the financial claims on it in a manner very satisfactory to its creditors. There are, however, some few thousands of Frenchmen in Egypt, and those who live in Egypt have friends at home. From this quarter there is raised from time to time a cry of indignation and despair at the influence of England. Latterly, this sentiment of jealousy has taken the form of a violent quarrel as to the merits and demerits of two prominent French officials. To the adversaries of English influence M. DE RING, who was lately recalled from the post of Consul-General, is a hero and a martyr to the cause of France, while M. DE BLIGNIERES, the French Controller-General, is a base unpatriotic truckler to England and the English. All that can be said to puff M. DE RING to the skies, and to put the last touch of black on the portrait of M. DE BLIGNIERES, may be read in an anonymous article contributed to the last number of the *Nouvelle Revue*. It is useless to argue with a writer who thinks that M. DE RING did something inexpressibly French and glorious when he passed over both his English colleague and the KHEDIVE and negotiated directly with the disaffected colonels of the Egyptian army. But the article is worth studying as an exposition of the general manner of regarding French interests in dependent countries which colours every thought of minor French officials. Nothing is too small to serve as an occasion for the glorification or the humiliation of France. If a French consul gets away a good cock from an English consul, visions of a magnified tricolour banner are seen in the highest heavens. If an English bank pays a better dividend than a French bank, France has been treated like a dog by perfidious England. If any good chance of bullying and swaggering offers itself, then the true French official walks and crows like the national cock. M. ROUSTAN is only the DE RING of Tunis; and, when it is said that M. DE BLIGNIERES has been unlike a real French official, this merely means that he has treated others as he wished to be treated himself, that he has been conciliatory enough

to forward instead of retarding business, and that his first thought has been how to secure the greatest and most lasting benefits to the country he was helping to administer.

If there is one thing more than another which most people detest, it is the obligation to be just to those with whom they differ. To many English critics everything the French do, or have done, in regard to North Africa seems odious and misguided. No censure, certainly, can be too strong that is passed on the ridiculous hypocrisy of M. ST.-HILAIRE's despatches, and results have shown that the expedition was lightly and rashly undertaken, and that not even its immediate consequences were foreseen. But the French Government must be taken to have clearly established that France never recognized the dependence of Tunis on the Porte, that the danger of a general Mahomedan rising was a real one, and that the precaution had been taken to ascertain from England that some kind of French intervention in Tunis would not be taken as an attack on English interests. As regards Egypt, the French Government not only recalled M. DE RING, but has lately defended in the Chamber the course it took, and gave it to be clearly understood that it would not tolerate in its representatives in Egypt anything like a high-handed assertion of French predominance. The French Government again went out of its way to annoy and insult Italy by the mode in which it affected to regard the occupation of Tunis as a special snub to Italy; and if it is true that the French Government declared that the new Italian loan should not be issued in Paris unless Italy would recognize as right and proper all that France had done in Tunis, every one who is not a Frenchman must be glad that Italy had the spirit to say that she could do without France, and has made her words good by a signal financial success. But the French treatment of Italy has not been wholly bad. When the riots broke out at Marseilles, the French authorities exerted themselves honestly and zealously to protect the Italians, and the French Government appealed to the Italian Government to join with it in discountenancing any movement of national antipathy. Not only is France averse to a war with Turkey, being justly afraid of its consequences to herself and to Europe; but it is lending a willing ear to the counsels of those who strive to show that it is possible that a satisfactory understanding may be the result of negotiations. Sensible Frenchmen would like nothing better than that the Tunis expedition should be forgotten and forgiven. This is impossible, for France must pay the penalties of her imprudence; but even the wish for what is impossible shows a better and a saner state of mind than prevailed a few weeks ago.

#### SOUTH AFRICAN AFFAIRS.

THE further Correspondence on the affairs of South Africa is, for the most part, uninteresting. The previous publication contained Lord KIMBERLEY's despatches to the Commission; and it does not yet appear whether Sir HERCULES ROBINSON and his colleagues have succeeded in executing his instructions. Some additional details relating to Sir G. COLLEY's unfortunate enterprises might well have been spared. In more than one communication with native chiefs Sir EVELYN WOOD boldly states that the English had not been defeated. His meaning is that the disasters of his predecessor were incurred only by small bodies of men, and that they afforded no indication of the results which might have followed a prosecution of the war. Patriotic Englishmen will readily consign to oblivion the military and diplomatic preliminaries of the deliberations of the Commission. In one of his conversations with the representatives of the Boers, Sir EVELYN WOOD, for the first time, furnishes a definition of suzerainty, which was, as might be expected, perfectly satisfactory to the other side. The QUEEN's Government is not to interfere with internal administration; and, on the other hand, the Boers are to have nothing to do with foreign affairs. That the term was originally intended either to have or to seem to have a wider meaning is proved by the additional stipulation to the same effect which was inserted in the preliminaries of peace. Mr. GLADSTONE has even persuaded himself that the grant of independence, qualified by suzerainty, was only equivalent to the internal self-government which was promised at the time of annexa-

tion; but he has so often interpreted political terms in a non-natural sense that he may have ceased to distinguish between a subject province and an independent Republic. The point is now of secondary importance, for it is certain that, as soon as the Transvaal and the neighbouring districts are evacuated by English troops, the Boers will have no reason to apprehend interference on the part of the suzerain. It may be surmised that the present Blue-Book has been compiled with the purpose of furnishing the smallest possible materials for the approaching debate; but it is possible that Lord KIMBERLEY may still communicate to Parliament the fuller explanations which he will receive by letter of the subject matter of telegraphic messages.

The Correspondence contains little or no reference to the claims of loyal subjects of English or Dutch extraction; but it is remarkable that, in demanding immunity from civil liability in respect of the insurrection, Mr. KRUGER more than once called attention to the claims which might be preferred against himself on account of the mode in which he had enforced "commandering" or compulsory service. It may, therefore, be inferred that the force which held Lang's Nek was not wholly composed of volunteers, though there is no doubt that the majority of the Boer population had of late become dissatisfied with the consequences of annexation. It is painful to hear too late of the numerous mistakes which were made by the Colonial Office and its agents. It is probable that with greater tact and foresight the Boers, who had almost unanimously accepted the transfer of allegiance, might have been permanently reconciled to English sovereignty. At the same time it would be unjust to assume that all the criticisms which have been published are well founded. Sir OWEN LAMONT, who is accused of the venial offence of having collected the taxes with impartial vigour, anticipates the charge by a statement that, while the revenue was doubled in two or three years, no tax had been imposed or increased, and some taxes had been reduced. The final and decisive error consisted in the withdrawal of troops, and especially of cavalry, at the time when the Boer leaders were openly threatening revolt. The English Government had after the Zulu war been seized with a morbid fear of military expense in South Africa, and the Transvaal was almost entirely evacuated, without regard to the dangers, or even to the cost, of a sudden reverse of policy. Only troops enough were left to provide the Boers with the opportunity of surprising a small detachment, and of besieging isolated forts of which the garrisons might be regarded as hostages. Throughout the transactions which have ended in disaster there is not a trace of statesmanlike wisdom or courage.

The loyalists of the Transvaal have not been fortunate in the selection of the emissaries who have lately stated their cases in England. Although their own claims have no connexion with the slaveholding customs of the Boers, they might, perhaps, have appealed to popular sympathy with the native inhabitants of the Transvaal; but they unluckily chose as one of two delegates a Dutch settler who voluntarily informed a public meeting that he had bought one slave in Natal and another in the Transvaal, and that both were still in his possession. This, indeed, refutes the eager assertions of those who deny that the Boers are slaveholders, but the witness will be tainted by his admission in the eyes of many Englishmen. His colleague Mr. WHITE, who was not subject to a similar disqualification, expatiated too largely on the evils of a measure which is now irrevocable. The discredit incurred by the Government and nation is a matter to be considered rather by Englishmen than by loyal residents in the Transvaal, who might advantageously confine their remarks to their present position, with the risks and the moral rights which it involves. None of the other questions which will occupy the attention of the Commission are so urgent or so important. It is indeed possible that the anxiety which has been felt on their behalf may prove to be excessive. Some fugitives from the Transvaal have exaggerated their losses; and it is not yet certain that English inhabitants of the towns who may wish to remain in the country will be liable to molestation. The same reasons which deterred the Boers from engaging in trade will continue to operate; and they would be principal losers by the depopulation of the petty towns which supply their miscellaneous wants. It is not certain that the threats which were uttered during the war will be executed when irritation and alarm have subsided. When



they rose in arms the Boers may probably have anticipated the risk of ultimate failure, and they can scarcely have foreseen their own early and complete success. They are now secure from the consequences of the disaffection to their Government which will probably be felt by their English neighbours.

There is sufficient evidence of the distaste which is felt by the natives to the withdrawal of English protection. Several of their chiefs offered to send contingents to the war with the Boers; but their proposals were properly rejected, even by a too zealous local agent, who declared to his superiors that nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to accept their overtures. The letter, however, was intercepted and published; and consequently Sir EVELYN WOOD judiciously punished his subordinate by removal from his office, though perhaps his moral indignation may not fully have corresponded with his official censure. By a liberal interpretation he removed the objections which were naturally entertained by the Boers to Lord KIMBERLEY's intimation that the Resident would be invested with the function of protecting the natives. It was evident that such intervention would be inconsistent with independence, and that it would lead to incessant collision; but Sir EVELYN WOOD explained, on his own authority, that Lord KIMBERLEY only referred to the native tribes beyond the limits of the Transvaal; and the SECRETARY of STATE will probably acquiesce in a judicious mode of escaping from a difficulty. The exercise of a protectorate over the warlike tribes beyond any frontier which may be defined will furnish abundant opportunity for diplomatic prudence and judgment. The Swazies and the Zulus will from time to time encroach on the Boers and complain of encroachments in their turn. The Boers will be disposed to suspect the English agents of collusion with their enemies, though the Imperial and colonial Governments will be mainly anxious to maintain the peace. It is not yet certain whether any considerable territory will be detached from the Transvaal. The natives who are principally concerned in the matter will have no voice in the decision. It will be extremely difficult to reconcile the Boers to the native possession of any district which contains even a sprinkling of Dutch settlers. The English negotiators have only a philanthropic interest in the maintenance of native claims. It has become necessary to abandon the cause of those who live within the recognized territory of the revived Republic; and the border chiefs can scarcely assert a stronger claim to protection. The duty of securing the rights of English inhabitants is much more pressing.

#### THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

THE Volunteer Review at Windsor has been a conspicuous success, but its real value will be very much determined by the extent to which the progress already made becomes the starting-point of a new advance. It is essential not to forget that the degree of perfection the Volunteers have attained seems all the more striking from its being set against the amazing shortcomings of their earlier days. We have all along contended that the secret of making the Volunteers an important element of the English military system is to believe that the force is capable of improvement up to a point far ahead of anything that seems for the moment to be within reach. Hitherto this view has been thoroughly justified by facts. In the days of the first Brighton reviews the Volunteers were very little better than so many excursionists in uniform. If they had been "personally conducted" by a gentleman from Messrs. Cook's office the military character could hardly have been less developed. Now all this has changed. The discipline of the Volunteers is good; their bearing is soldierly; they do their work very much better than, with their scanty opportunities for instruction and practice, it seemed possible that they could be taught to do it. The days when the best that was expected of them was that they might occasionally bring down an enemy from behind a hedge are already forgotten. But the danger which threatens the progress of the force is still the same. When they were bad soldiers there was always some one to say that they could not be made good. Now that they are good soldiers, there is sure to be some one to say that they need not be made better. What is really to be desired is that their horizon should go on expanding, and that 1901 should see them as much superior to what

they are to-day as 1881 sees them superior to what they were twenty years ago.

The direction in which there is the greatest room for improvement is the conversion of what is now only a single element of an army into a complete army. The better soldiers the Volunteers show themselves the more important it is that they should by degrees be developed into a really defensive force. As yet they furnish only one arm of a defensive force. They are becoming excellent infantry, but something besides infantry goes to the making up of an excellent army. If they were called out to resist invasion, they would have to depend upon the regular army for cavalry and artillery; and it is very doubtful whether the regular army would have as much of either as it would want for its own use. The ideal Volunteer force would be self-contained in both respects. Taking the present infantry effectives at 150,000 or 200,000, they would be supported by the proper proportion of other arms, raised and organized on the same voluntary basis. No doubt the provision of cavalry and artillery would be a more costly process than the provision of a corresponding number of infantry. Horseflesh is more or less of a luxury, but when it is considered how characteristically English a luxury it is, it is hardly creditable that this objection should have gone so long unsumounted. That the towns should furnish only foot soldiers was to be expected; but in the country cavalry Volunteers ought, one would think, to have been as readily raised as infantry. Nor can it be said that events have proved the contrary. Events are only valuable for this purpose when the experiment which they are regarded as determining has been actually tried, and no real effort has been made to raise cavalry Volunteers. The existence of the Yeomanry has, perhaps, stood in the way. This venerable but unimposing force has forestalled the idea of a Volunteer cavalry without filling the place of one. If the Government would even now take as much pains to induce young squires and farmers to form themselves into light cavalry regiments as they took to induce young townsmen to form themselves into infantry regiments, a new stimulus might be given to volunteering, and a real step taken towards the supply of a very serious gap in the Volunteer organization. As regards artillery, the beginning has long ago been made; but, unfortunately, the same difficulty about horses has stood in the way of the formation of a field force. Yet, when it is remembered how immeasurably the value of the Volunteers as a defensive instrument would be increased if they could take the field as a completely constituted army, the Government could hardly propose to itself a more worthy task than to make them fit to do so.

The defective composition of the force detracts also from the conclusiveness of the testimony which the review would otherwise give to the excellence of the railway arrangements for the transport of troops. The military authorities deserve praise for their resolution to turn last Saturday to account in this way. The railway Companies would, no doubt, have preferred to have begun the carriage of Volunteers twenty-four hours earlier, and so have left themselves more at liberty for the conveyance of sightseers on the day itself. The War Office, however, directed that no regiment should start for the review until Friday evening, so that the time actually employed in the conveyance of the men was shorter than that which might fairly be counted on in a case of actual mobilization. Of course, as has been pointed out, the burden of carrying the Volunteers was very much less than it would have been had they been marching to meet an enemy instead of to parade in Windsor Park. "The force on Saturday," says a military Correspondent in the *Times*, "was not accompanied on its railway journey by even the mounted officers' chargers, let alone cavalry, artillery, wagons, ammunition, and the most necessary tools and stores. It was simply 50,000 passengers with rifles, but without luggage, who were thus conveyed." The experience so gained needs to be supplemented by reviews in which the troops have to be conveyed under conditions more nearly resembling those of ordinary warfare. So long as the Volunteers have neither cavalry nor artillery of their own to be carried, it is to the co-operation of the regular army that the railway Companies must look for instruction. We see no reason why every year 10,000 Volunteers, with a proper percentage of regular cavalry and artillery, should not be conveyed to the coast to oppose the landing of an imaginary invader. Railway

managers would learn more from a complete review on a small scale than from one on a very much larger scale in which there was nothing to be carried but so many orderly foot soldiers.

It is further important not to overrate the amount and kind of security which the possession of the Volunteer force gives us. There can be no question that England holds a very different position as regards invasion from what she held twenty or even ten years ago. Even if we suppose our first line of defence to have been broken through, and a landing to have been effected behind the back or in defiance of our fleet, the nucleus of a formidable and sustained resistance exists, we may hope, in the Volunteers. They would not be required to engage the enemy on open ground. Our navies would be called in to raise one line after another of extemporized fortification, and, as each was carried or evacuated, the invader would be drawn further from his base and have greater difficulty in maintaining his communications. An invasion, however, is not the only thing that Englishmen have to fear. It is the most striking and alarming form that an attack can assume, but it is not necessarily the most disquieting. There is far more reason to fear such a measure of disaster abroad as may either paralyse our trade or seriously interfere with our food supplies. In either of these cases the danger of internal disturbance would be considerable. Of all the evils that can befall a country the greatest perhaps is the attempt to reconstruct its institutions in view of defeat abroad. It is difficult to feel any confidence that this would not befall us if we were engaged in a European contest, and if, as usually happens, the enemy scored the early points in the game. A democracy is seldom disposed to accept defeat as one of the ordinary incidents of war. It prefers to trace it to some supposed cause, and to see in it a conclusive proof that there is something wrong in the system of government. If, in addition to defeat, we had to face the physical suffering which a sudden clearance of English merchant ships from the sea might not impossibly bring upon us, the situation would be still graver. It is true that, under the Declaration of Paris, our trade might still be carried on in foreign bottoms; but it would take some time to transfer it from our own ships to those of a neutral Power, and during this interval very great alarm might be felt and very great mischief done. Nor should it be forgotten that there is one Power which has never been a party to the Declaration of Paris, and that even among those who are parties to it a powerful belligerent may yet find it convenient to repudiate the inconvenient restrictions which it imposes. Englishmen must not plume themselves on being safe at home so long as they are not safe abroad. Useful as the Volunteers are, they are in no sense a substitute for regular troops.

#### AFGHANISTAN AND CENTRAL ASIA.

SIR CHARLES DILKE must have been much comforted and cheered by the laughter which, according to some accounts, greeted Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT's question on Tuesday night as to the Russian rectification of frontier in Khorassan. It is unfortunate, doubtless, for the public interest that important questions of foreign policy should so often be allowed to become the special property of private members, who, sometimes with the best of good will, are not impressive to the House of Commons. But the laughter in this case gave the Minister charged with the duty of answering the question an assurance which was doubly cheering, the assurance that his audience, or some of them, were benevolently disposed towards himself and absolutely ignorant of the subject. It has been already shown sufficiently that the truth of the reports of the imprisoned Correspondent of the *Daily News* involves a question which may be differently answered by different persons, but which no one in his senses can afford to consider one of light importance. Considering the attitude of the House of Commons, it is rather to be regretted than wondered at that Sir CHARLES's answer amounted merely to a profession of ignorance. The Government had heard nothing of the matter; did not know anything about the matter. There is, it is true, an English agent at Meshed; the telegraph service to that place is complete; a few hours would have sufficed to ask the agent whether the report was true, and to receive his answer; and the re-

port itself was a week old at the time of Sir CHARLES's speech. According to one report, the UNDER SECRETARY made the stereotyped complaint of want of notice as to Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT's question. The only inference to be drawn from this is that there is not enough interest in the matter or knowledge of it at the Foreign Office to induce that Office to make inquiries unless a question is asked in the House of Commons. Grave and not ill-founded complaints have lately been made by many persons of the abuse of questions. But, if questions are necessary to induce the Foreign Office to pay some attention to the events passing in the world, they must probably be admitted as an inevitable part of the machinery of Government.

Meanwhile those persons who, though they are not able to telegraph to a private agent in any part of the world for the satisfaction of their curiosity or of their conscience, condescend to pay some attention to published information, have received a good deal of news about the statement as to which Sir CHARLES DILKE knows so little as to be able neither to contradict nor to affirm it. Another and considerably later telegram has been received from the *Daily News* Correspondent which more than justifies the assertion made last week that arrangements for the progress of Russia towards Afghanistan were being carried out with a rapidity and a success to which it would be difficult to find a parallel. A fresh demand for rectification has, according to this telegram, completed those arrangements as far as Persia is concerned. The remaining portion of the fertile belt of Northern Khorassan, the remaining command of the direct road to Herat, is involved in this new demand. East of the upper waters of the Atrek, and flowing in the opposite direction from the watershed in the neighbourhood of Kuchan, rises a river called the Keshef. This river flows eastwards, with a slight southerly cast to Meshed, and then in the same direction till it joins the Tejend, the stream which drains the great marsh in the desert between Akhal and Merv. After the junction the two form the Heri Rood, the river of Herat, and make their way in a south-easterly direction to that city. The new Russian claim is said to include the whole of the country between the Keshef on the south, the Tejend on the east, and the new Turcoman annexations in the north. Meshed itself is graciously spared, it would appear, for the time, but Sarakhs is apparently included, while the fertile districts of Deregez and Kelat are absorbed entirely. Moreover, as the Keshef runs alongside the road from the Caspian to Herat and India, the military importance of the new claim altogether exceeds its importance as a mere demand of territory. Suppose it granted (and Persia is, unless backed by England, in no case to refuse), and with insignificant exceptions the whole of that road up to the frontier of Afghanistan is in Russian hands. Nor are the utterances of the Russian official or semi-official press in the least inconsistent with the statements of the *Daily News* Correspondent. The *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* does, indeed, contradict the report of negotiations with the Merv chiefs, a report of comparatively little importance. But its statement that the object of Russia is to obtain a more settled frontier in those regions, and that with that intent negotiations will be carried on with Persia, as the country directly interested in the matter, is a practical admission of the truth of the more important part of the report. Another Russian newspaper discusses and contends for the extension of the Transcaspian Railway to Sarakhs, and argues directly for the advantages of the state of things which, as has been pointed out, is now imminent—the confronting of Russia and England on opposite sides of Afghanistan—showing the advantages thus obtainable for Russia either in peace or war. In face of all this it must be admitted by the coolest heads, provided the owners of those heads have at command a little less than the lightness of heart of the House of Commons laughers, that it would be desirable to have something on the other side more positive than Sir CHARLES DILKE's interesting information as to General SKOBELLEFF's operations some months ago.

The news recently received, and that which may be shortly expected from Afghanistan, makes a coincidence which would probably provoke fresh hilarity from these merry and accomplished gentlemen. The AYUB-ABDURRAHMAN quarrel has been slowly approaching a crisis ever since our withdrawal from Candahar. The reports of skirmishes in the neighbourhood of Girishk, with



results favourable to the AMEER's troops, were from the first obviously exaggerated, and were soon shown to refer only to very small affairs. Nothing has happened to prevent AYUB from gathering a force considerable in regard to any troops that ABDURRAHMAN can bring against him, and the final collision was expected about this time, except in the unlikely event of the Heratee Prince marching straight-on Cabul. There is, of course, the possibility of this cloud rolling off in the curious way in which Oriental complications often end. But if it breaks regularly on the Helmund, the victory of either party is, in the present state of things, likely to be troublesome to England. That the defeat of the AMEER would be a serious matter is universally acknowledged. He is our candidate and nominee, he has received a great deal of indirect and some direct assistance from us, and his overthrow by AYUB could not fail to revive that prestige of the latter which Maiwand created, and which was only partially destroyed by the victory of Candahar, imperfectly as that victory was improved, and followed as it was by a retreat from the Southern capital. If AYUB is beaten, matters would not be much better. The ubiquitous Russian gold with which he is said to be supplied may raise a more legitimate smile than that caused by the exhibition of a little curiosity as to the reported annexation of half a province of Northern Persia. But it is perfectly clear that AYUB's defeat would once more provide General KAUFFMANN and his successors with that most convenient article, a refugee Afghan claimant, while his influence in North-Eastern Afghanistan, which even after defeat could not fail to be considerable, would be remarkably useful to that "further Eastern advance" of which imprudent Russian commanders talk, while prudent ones pave the way for it by annexing Khorassan. Considerations of this kind may of course be dismissed as Russophobia or Nervousness or by any other convenient term which at once saves the user and his hearers from the trouble of looking into the question. But a slight extension of this principle would logically lead to the abolition of the Foreign Office, the army, and the Houses of Parliament, in the amiable conviction that everything will go on of itself and by itself, that nobody in the world covets his neighbour's goods, and that if he does the best way is to let him take them. It is somewhat curious to contrast the real and actual stir which was made a month or two ago by the mediatizing of the Bey of TUNIS with the cheerful indifference with which not dissimilar proceedings in respect to the Shah of PERSIA are heard of, laughed at, and dismissed as sufficiently disposed of by Sir CHARLES DILKE's explanations as to General SKOBELLEFF's conduct last year. The days of political caricatures are almost over, but GILLRAY might have made a pleasant effect out of the contrast of the different pairs of spectacles with which some Englishmen regard events in Europe and its immediate neighbourhood and events in and about India.

#### PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA.

THE ceremony which took place this week at Sistova completed a transaction of which the result had been easily foreseen. Prince ALEXANDER has with little difficulty suppressed a Constitution which was probably ill suited to the wants of Bulgaria. He had on his appointment been obliged to illustrate the futility of promissory oaths by swearing to maintain a Constitution which, perhaps, neither he nor the inhabitants of his new State had studied or understood. A cadet of the family of BATTENBERG, not even holding princely rank according to German usage, Prince ALEXANDER owed his promotion to the fact that he was a nephew of the late Empress of RUSSIA. Young Germans of quality are now, as in the last century, in the habit of seeking their fortunes in the service of the Great Powers. Prince ALEXANDER held a commission in a Prussian regiment; and his brother is an English naval officer. The occasional prizes of such professional careers may well excite ambition. Young soldiers of fortune sometimes marry into the great European houses; and they are regarded as eligible candidates for the minor thrones which are from time to time established in consequence of revolution or war. There is a story that when Prince ALEXANDER was selected by his Imperial patron and namesake as ruler of Bulgaria, he was told by Prince BISMARCK that he ought to accept the offer for the

sake of a pleasant recollection hereafter. It is extremely unlikely that he should have for a moment hesitated. A nominally independent sovereignty, to be perhaps hereafter raised to kingly rank, must have been highly attractive to a young and undistinguished officer. A man of spirit would hold it better to reign under many drawbacks at Sofia or at Sistova than to serve at Berlin. The late proceedings have shown that Prince ALEXANDER is not without ambition, though there may be a difference of opinion as to the steps by which he has sought to satisfy his aspirations.

There is no strong presumption in favour of the Constitution which has been summarily destroyed. The composition of Prince DONDOUKOFF KORSAKOFF, one of the most despotic of Russian administrators, it was framed in the extreme democratic type which almost always pleases the fancy of Continental theorists unaccustomed to freedom. The forms of government which were successively adopted in France between 1789 and 1800 have served as models for all later experiments. One of the most elaborate Constitutions of the kind was passed by the Spanish Cortes in 1812, while the English army was engaged in the more practical occupation of liberating the Peninsula from the French invasion. Italian insurgents of 1821 adopted for their own country the Constitution of 1812; and it has sometimes been recalled to recollection by the promoters of various Spanish Revolutions; but the most popular Governments in Spain have always known how to control the elections in their own interest. During the second French Empire universal suffrage was found to be compatible with absolute monarchy, though the nation had become accustomed to Parliamentary Government in the days of LOUIS XVIII. and LOUIS PHILIPPE. The French Republic is still on its trial. In Germany Prince BISMARCK has hitherto succeeded with some difficulty in managing the promiscuous constitutencies which he devised in the hope of baffling his Liberal opponents. A Russian functionary, legislating for a newly emancipated Turkish province, could not fail to establish a thoroughly democratic Constitution. It is not known whether Prince DONDOUKOFF hoped that the institutions of Bulgaria might eventually be copied in Russia. More probably he thought it expedient, according to the proverb, to try an experiment on a worthless subject matter. It is understood that the Russian soldiers were astonished to find on the left bank of the Danube a prosperity which they had not known at home. They would, perhaps, witness with milder feelings of envy and surprise the establishment in Bulgaria of a nominal freedom for which their own countrymen are justly deemed unfit.

The Bulgarians probably cared little for the institutions which were bestowed upon them by their foreign benefactors. They had thriven under Turkish dominion, which is habitually lax, though it may on some occasions become oppressive and cruel. A population of wealthy farmers is likely to prefer the Government which interferes least with the ordinary business of life. Like the Boers of the Transvaal, or the Cyclopes of the Odyssey, Bulgarian peasants are content to rule their own families, and to keep aloof from public affairs. When they were for the first time called upon to elect representatives, who in their turn were to choose Ministers, the Bulgarians may probably in many instances have been deluded by loquacious adventurers who saw the opportunity of engaging in the trade of politics. A part of the Assembly consisted of peasants, who were probably honest and well meaning, though they must have been incapable of discharging legislative or administrative functions. The Ministers had to be selected by the PRINCE from the majority which called itself Liberal; and, according to his own account, he has been constantly thwarted by his responsible advisers in every attempt to benefit the country. It is difficult to judge whether either the PRINCE or the Ministers were supported by any distinct public opinion. The pretensions of the Russian officers by whom the PRINCE has been surrounded were probably offensive to the people; and the Mussulmans, who, under the paper Constitution, were entitled to equal rights with the Bulgarians, found that their language was proscribed, and they were subject to petty official tyranny. The PRINCE may, perhaps, have intended to confine himself to the functions of a constitutional ruler; but Continental sovereigns have always claimed and exercised considerable power. The local orators and adventurers who contrived

to hold Ministerial office made no attempt to come to an understanding with the PRINCE, whom they failed to inspire with respect or confidence. After three or four years, Prince ALEXANDER seems to have thought that his position was intolerable, and that rank and precedence in a semi-barbarous country offered no sufficient compensation for the loss of civilized society.

The first indication of the PRINCE's dissatisfaction was a visit which he paid to the Courts of Germany, of Austria, and of Russia. He is supposed to have complained of his situation as anomalous and untenable; and he may perhaps have intimated his contingent purpose of resigning. His powerful protectors were probably not anxious for the maintenance of theoretical liberty in Bulgaria; and they could not fail to deprecate a resignation which would create new difficulties and settle nothing. For these and other reasons they listened favourably to a proposal that the Constitution should be suspended for several years; and that the PRINCE should in the meantime exercise dictatorial power. Fortified with the approval of the protecting Powers, the PRINCE returned to Bulgaria; and soon afterwards he announced in plausible language the determination which he has since carried into effect. With some ingenuity he affected to offer his subjects the alternative of enlarging his prerogative or of losing his services. The present system was, he said, intolerable to himself and injurious to the public welfare; he admitted that the country had a right to choose between himself and the Constitution. He therefore dissolved the ordinary Legislature, and summoned a Constituent Assembly, which was either to accept his resignation or to sanction the new conditions on which he was for a nominally limited period to remain in his present position. The appeal to the country was practically equivalent to a demand for a plébiscite. The Assembly consists of delegates elected for the decision of a single issue; and the members have no more discretion than the Presidential electors in the United States. The contrivance called a plébiscite, which was invented and elaborated by the two NAPOLEONS, has hitherto been applied only to the purpose of suppressing freedom. The head of the Executive Government, with all the resources of the administrative organization at his disposal, offers to the people, not a deliberate control of national policy, but a simple choice between the absolute government which is already established and an unknown alternative. Every elector knows that a negative vote will give offence to the possessors of power, while it will not necessarily tend to displace them. On the late occasion the affectation of freedom of election was almost immediately abandoned. To arguments founded on the constitutional oath the PRINCE might plausibly answer that the only parties to the covenant were himself and the Bulgarian people, who could at their discretion relieve their Sovereign from the obligation. They were, in fact, never genuinely consulted. The PRINCE had evidently not meditated the resignation which he threatened; and he immediately took measures to procure a return of members pledged to the abolition or suspension of the Constitution. A state of siege was instituted; the management of the elections was entrusted in some places to Russian officers; and a large majority was by various methods secured. The minority seems not to have thought it worth while to oppose a predetermined result. On its first sitting the Assembly unanimously sanctioned the acts and conceded the demands of the PRINCE, who may henceforth regulate at pleasure the rights of his subjects. If he is able and patriotic he may, perhaps, render good service to the country which he has relieved from an impracticable Constitution. The methods which he has employed to relieve himself from troublesome restrictions are conformable to precedent, if they are not altogether laudable. The proclamation in which the PRINCE records his success, and announces his intentions for the future, is skilfully drawn. It was, of course, for the purpose of securing the liberty of his subjects that he asked for absolute power, which he undertakes to restrict by annually summoning an Assembly for legislative and financial purposes. It only remains to ascertain whether he will become a wise and beneficent statesman.

#### THE COURT OF APPEAL

THE constitution of the Court of Appeal is constantly undergoing changes to meet the exigencies of new judicial systems or the fancies of Chancellors. It is in the eyes of Lord SELBORNE and Lord CAIRNS, the two chief founders of the system, the keystone of the whole fabric, that there should be provided a means of appeal prompt, sure, and satisfactory as the supplement of a large staff of very busy Judges of the First Instance, always ready to do as they are bid and take up any work that most needs to be done. In order that there may be no delay in the despatch of its business, the Court of Appeal must be numerically strong, and in order that its judgments may be accepted as so nearly conclusive that a further appeal shall be quite exceptional, its numerous members must all be, so far as possible, men of marked ability, learning, and good sense. So far as the composition of the Court goes the scheme has hitherto worked admirably. The Lords Justices are up to the required standard. They give judgments which satisfy the public and the legal profession. Allowing for the necessary imperfection in everything human, it may be said that their performance of their duties leaves nothing to desire. But they are not able to do enough. Theoretically there ought to be two Courts of Appeal, each composed of three judges, constantly ready to hear and decide appeals; in practice it is often difficult to make up one Court. This arises partly from there not being enough Judges of Appeal, and partly from the Judges of Appeal being called away from their ordinary work to go on circuit. As a remedy the CHANCELLOR has brought in a Bill by which it is proposed that there shall be added to the Court of Appeal two members, and that the work of the assizes shall be so recast as to need the presence of fewer judges. One of these new judges is to be the Master of the Rolls, who will cease to be a Judge of the First Instance, and will devote his whole time to the Court of Appeal; and the other is to be the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, who will give the odds and ends of his time to the Appeal Court. The plan of having accessory Judges of the Court of Appeal who do not sit regularly, but are called in when they are very much wanted, and when it is possible to get them, already prevails in the cases of the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice of England, and the Master of the Rolls. It was further proposed by the CHANCELLOR to extend this system of having supplementary and occasional judges by allowing the ordinary Judges of the High Court to appoint yearly three of their members to discharge this special duty. In consequence of the opposition of Lord CAIRNS, this part of the Bill was abandoned; and the Bill is now mainly a Bill for adding one regular and one occasional Judge to the Court of Appeal.

The objections raised by Lord CAIRNS to the proposal to add three ordinary judges to the Court were conclusive; but the reasons which prompted the CHANCELLOR to make the proposal, and the language used by Lord CAIRNS in discussing it, show how many nice points have to be weighed when the best of all possible Courts of Appeal is to be constituted. Lord CAIRNS, after much reflection and some hesitation, seems to have finally come round to what may be termed the obvious and popular view of the matter. The natural thing to propose is that the very best men should be secured as Judges of the Court of Appeal; that they should be kept to their appellate duties; and that they should have a higher dignity and more money than ordinary judges. Most of the objections which are commonly urged to such a method of constituting the Appeal Court are not of any great weight. The extra money would be cheerfully given to men who deserved it. To escape from the fatiguing and often uncongenial duties of going circuit would be an additional attraction, especially to the leading members of the Equity Bar. The ordinary judges might feel for the moment a lowering of their dignity, but they would soon get used to it, and the public may be sure that a supply of competent men for the office would be always forthcoming. To be promoted from the position of an ordinary to that of an appellate judge would be a legitimate object of ambition, but it would be an object impossible to attain by intrigue or by any other means than that of a proved and recognized superiority. If it can be said to be a matter of national interest to provide Law Officers with judicial posts they would think worth taking, this would



be secured by giving them opportunities for entering when tired of the House, or not sure of their seats, a dignified and well-paid Court of Appeal. The objections to constituting the Court in this easy and obvious way lie in a different direction. Why are the Lords Justices at present made to go circuit? The chief reason is one that would not naturally occur to any one but a lawyer. It is to do them good, to teach them, to improve them, to make them better Judges of Appeal. They need to be brought into contact with real life, to shake off the habit of sitting in a room and settling the affairs or controlling the conduct of people whom they never see. They gain by being reminded from time to time what juries are really like, how witnesses behave in the box, what a judge can do or cannot do towards directing the result of a trial. Common sense is very much needed in an appellate judge, and common sense in a judge means the perception of the real relation of law to life. This perception is quickened or imparted by the Judges of Appeal going into different localities, learning what England really is, and performing the very duties the proper performance of which, as Judges of Appeal, they have to ensure. It is an incidental, but an indisputable, advantage that the dignity of the general administration of justice is increased by those who are supposed to be the most eminent of the judges coming to remote towns and presiding over a jury. But to the Court of Appeal the great advantage is that its members by going circuit are made better appellate judges; and it was to supply the element of judges in contact with real life, which the Court would lose if its members were kept to their appellate duties, that the CHANCELLOR proposed to take three ordinary judges in rotation, and add them as occasional members of the Court of Appeal. Nominally, it was proposed that the ordinary judges should select those of their body who were to discharge the duty for the year. But choice would have been invidious, and the succession could only have been kept up by rotation. The confidence felt in the Court of Appeal would have been seriously endangered if its decisions might depend on the judgments of men who only got into it by a sort of chance; but the object which the CHANCELLOR sought to attain was in itself a very valuable one, and his reluctance to forego it is shared by most of those who have seriously considered what is meant by the best possible Court of Appeal.

One Court of Appeal is now sitting, and it is composed of the LORD CHANCELLOR and of Lords Justices BRETT and COTTON. It cannot get through the work which it ought to despatch; but in point of constitution no Court could be more satisfactory to suitors and the public. The presence of the CHANCELLOR not only strengthens the Court, but inspires the belief that its decisions will be final. And the presence of Lord SELBORNE in an inferior Court to that over which he ordinarily presides refreshes the memory of those who are now occupied with the loss of another Chancellor, and who can remember Lord HATHERLEY, not only on the woolsack, but as Vice-Chancellor and as a Judge of Appeal. In the House of Lords both the CHANCELLOR and Lord CAIRNS paid a fitting tribute to the memory of a man who had always done his duty, had always done his duty well, and had led a blameless life from the cradle to the grave. Lord GRANVILLE added a few words to express his sense of the assistance he had derived from Lord HATHERLEY as a political colleague. What had mostly struck him was the acuteness with which Lord HATHERLEY foresaw political dangers, and the dexterity with which he devised means of guarding against them. Both as a politician, therefore, and as a lawyer, Lord HATHERLEY was fully equal to the high post which he attained. He was a useful and respected member of a Cabinet, as well as a judge competent to give satisfactory decisions in the highest and most difficult cases. But there was something of luck in his appointment to the Chancellorship. He reached the top of his profession because at the moment Lord SELBORNE was not ready to take the vacant place. Both men of the highest honour, and scrupulously religious, they happened to differ as to what their duty to the Church of England would permit them to do towards the Church of Ireland. No one who had any knowledge of Lord HATHERLEY suspected that he was more biased by a regard for his own interests than Lord SELBORNE was. But, in consequence of this difference of opinion, Lord HATHERLEY was made Chancellor, whereas, in the ordinary course of things, he would

have remained a Lord Justice. He may therefore, perhaps, be regarded, not as a Chancellor so much as a perfect type of a Judge of the Court of Appeal. He was exactly the man whom the country and the profession wish to see in the Court of Appeal, however it may be constituted; and when it is asked who ought to enter such a Court, it may be answered that there are many types of appropriate excellence, but that the Court can never be perfect unless among its types of excellence it presents the type which was exhibited to such perfection in Lord HATHERLEY.

#### THE NEW EDUCATION REPORT.

THE Report of the Education Department for 1880 contains little or nothing that is novel or exciting. It is certainly well that elementary schools should have ceased to supply the material for controversy which at one time they furnished in such abundance. When all has been said and done, the teaching of some millions of small boys and girls to read, write, and cipher is an essentially commonplace process. It is of great importance that they should get this amount of schooling, just as it is that they should get their regular meals and their accustomed sleep; but, when viewed in the gross, the machinery by which they are provided with these good things is alike uninteresting. The one thing which gives the details relating to education a higher place in public estimation than is held by the other two is the immense amount of public money which is spent upon them. So long as a child is not a pauper, he gets his food and his bed how he can. It is only where his education is involved that he becomes a burden on the community. Consequently, dull as the statistics of an Education Report may be, it is necessary not to let them pass altogether unnoticed. So long as the annual outlay goes on growing it deserves to be carefully watched. If what is got in return be really worth the getting, and if it cannot be got for less than its costs, no one will complain of what he has to pay. If either of these conditions remain unfulfilled, it must be an ignorant patience of taxation that is content to put up with their absence.

The first point that calls for remark in the Report is the extraordinary discrepancy that still exists between the demands made by different School Boards on the ratepayers. No doubt these may all be capable of satisfactory explanation, but unfortunately the Board which is the chief sinner in this particular does not seem to think that any explanation is due from it. A table in the Report gives the income per scholar in average attendance in eight of the largest towns in England, distinguishing the parts contributed by school pence and by the rates. Three of these returns are certainly startling. Each scholar under the Hull School Board costs the ratepayers 3s. 2½d.; each scholar under the Sheffield School Board costs the ratepayers 6s. 2½d.; and each scholar under the London School Board costs the ratepayers 1l. 13s. 7d. Thus Hull educates something less than ten children, and Sheffield something more than five, for the sum for which London just manages to educate one child. These two Boards stand out, indeed, in striking contrast from the remaining five. At Bradford the rate per scholar is 18s. 7½d., at Liverpool it is 16s. 1d., at Birmingham 15s. 4½d., at Manchester the same sum within a penny, at Leeds 13s. 11½d. But these differences sink into nothing by the side of that presented by London. Everywhere else the rate per scholar is reckoned in shillings; it is only in London that it has to be expressed in pounds. No doubt there may be very good reasons why elementary education should be so much more costly in London than anywhere else, but it does not seem too much to ask of the London School Board that they would set out plainly what we have to pay for which the people of Hull and Sheffield get without payment, or what we get with payment which the people of Hull and Sheffield are content to forego. Is it that the results obtained in London are better? Are fewer children left to go without schooling, or without adequate schooling, than is the case in Hull or Sheffield? Do the London children learn to read more intelligently, to write more legibly, to cipher more correctly? If so, we willingly concede that the materials of an answer are forthcoming. Even then, however, it would be only seemly if the London School Board showed itself a little startled at the figures given in the Report. A

minute investigation of the particulars of school expenditure in these several towns may show that they enjoy advantages which cannot be reproduced in London. But before this conclusion is acquiesced in the investigation ought to be very minute indeed. On the face of things there is something wrong. Thirty-three shillings against three in the one case, and six in the other, is not a sum to be accepted as a matter of course. Sheffield and Hull are not villages in which rural cheapness still keeps company with rural simplicity. In both of them people probably know how to charge for land and building materials, and in both of them teachers probably know their value. Yet, if the cause of the discrepancy does not lie in one or all of these items, what does it lie in? As regards another important point—the degree to which parents bear the burden of their children's schooling—there is a considerable difference, though one that seems but trifling by the side of the larger one which has just been noticed. Birmingham draws 6s. 4½d. from each scholar, Hull, 9s. 8½d., and London, 8s. 4d.; while Bradford draws 15s. 2½d., and Manchester 12s. 5½d. Where the Education rate is low, it is fitting that the school fees should be low also. The principle that the cost of educating children shall be divided between the parent and the community has so long and so universally been recognized that it would be pedantic to suggest anything else. But, where the cost of education is very much higher than the average of large towns, the amount demanded from the parents ought not to be decidedly lower. We do not quarrel with Hull for putting its fees low, because its rates are only a third of its fees. But we do quarrel with the London School Board for putting its fees low, when its rates amount to four times its fees.

The year 1880 was marked by the passing of an Act by which the whole country became subject to by-laws enforcing the attendance of children at school. The obligation of the parent to send his child to school if he was unable to give him proper instruction at home had been recognized by the Act of 1876, but it was not until last year that School Attendance Committees, as well as School Boards, became bound to frame by-laws for making this recognition effectual. Upwards of 1,200 sets of by-laws have been submitted to the Privy Council since August of last year, and by the end of the year only 111 educational authorities had omitted to frame a set for themselves. For these by-laws have now been framed by the department, so that "within a few weeks"—this was written on the 27th of June—"direct compulsion will be the law for all children between 5 and 13 years of age throughout the whole population of England and Wales." Thus it has taken only nine years to give complete effect to the principle first laid down by the Act of 1870. When it is remembered how many gloomy predictions were then uttered either as to the impossibility of enforcing school attendance, or as to the universal and dangerous irritation which the attempt to enforce it would excite, this result reflects very great credit on the foresight with which the Act was framed. No serious discontent has followed upon the introduction of compulsion. The Conservative reaction of 1874 left it untouched, and a Conservative Minister was the author of the measure which extended it to the entire country. Indeed, it may almost be said that it is only the introduction of compulsion that has made the increase in the cost of elementary education tolerable. If we were taxed to provide schools and teachers, and had no means of forcing children to attend the one or listen to the other, the want of any certain return for the money spent would be unendurable.

One fallacy which has been met with in the earlier Reports of the Education Department reappears in this one. In the Report for 1876-7 the department anticipated that the sum per child contributed by the ratepayers would diminish as the school supply became completed, and improved attendance and education enabled the children in Board schools to earn higher annual grants. In the new Report we are told that the receipts of the past year show that this anticipation was justified, "for whilst the average cost of the maintenance of Board schools increased slightly, the ratepayers were called upon to contribute 3s. 7½d. per child less than the average sum contributed in 1875-6." We are glad to note this diminution in the school rate, but so long as the Parliamentary grant becomes larger with each succeeding year, the gain to the ratepayers is only imaginary. The ratepayers and the taxpayers are not two bodies, but

one, and any saving effected in the rates at the cost of the taxes is little more than a matter of book-keeping. So long as the cost of educating children in Board schools goes on increasing, the educational burdens of the country will go on increasing. The money has to be found somehow, and whether the citizen takes it out of a pocket labelled "rates," or out of a pocket labelled "taxes," does not make much difference to the community. Indeed, we are by no means sure that the true direction which educational reform ought to take is not the abolition of the Parliamentary grant as regards Board schools. The reason which exists for it in the case of voluntary schools is altogether absent where Board schools are concerned, because the stimulus which the prospect of a grant applies to the school managers in the case of voluntary schools is a stimulus to obtain more contributions from individuals; whereas, in the case of Board schools, it is a stimulus to obtain more money from the same persons who provide the Parliamentary grant.

PAUL DE SAINT-VICTOR.

M. PAUL DE SAINT-VICTOR, who died this week in Paris, was the last of the great critics. Sainte-Beuve, Janin, Gautier, Fiorentino, have long passed away, and only M. de Saint-Victor was left, *tonnant et feuilletonant* in his newspaper. In spite of his singular devotion to literature and art, in spite of a certain austerity and intellectual disdain, M. de Saint-Victor was never anything but a critic. If ever he produced original work, poem, play, or novel, we have not been fortunate enough to fall in with it. Thus he differed from Gautier, who was a poet, and though he wore them lightly, found in journalism what George Warrington called *les chaînes de l'esclavage*. M. de Saint-Victor carried his chains not without murmuring. It was his business to give a weekly account of theatrical performances, and, naturally, he had to sit and see an enormous quantity of trash. According to witnesses who knew him, he did not conceal his emotions of annoyance and disgust. Occasionally he departed from his usual impassivity, and spoke out in his criticisms with just indignation. When Helen, Homer's, Marlowe's, Goethe's Helen, was made the heroine of a comic opera, M. de Saint-Victor scathed the composer and actors with the lightning of his indignation. Sainte-Beuve compared him, on this august occasion, to the angry Apollo of the *Iliad*,

Βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων χωόμενος κῆρ,

descending from the Olympian heights, with his arrows rattling in his quiver. The Athenians, too, hooted *La Belle Hélène* off the stage of a town united by ancient hospitable rites with the house of Helen. But this kind of sentiment is rare among French and other critics.

M. de Saint-Victor was of a nature so disdainful and reserved that he did not care even to give his own writings fair play or to present them in an attractive shape to the public. Every week he said his say about literature and art. He wrote in a very elaborate and brilliant style. His mind seemed to be naturally carried on from one striking and magnificent image to another. Pictures of splendour almost overburdened his thought, his page glittered till it dazzled. Lamartine said that, before reading him, it was necessary to put on blue spectacles. M. Hugo is reported to have vowed that he would write a book for the pleasure of making M. de Saint-Victor write a page. But he was indifferent to the fate of these pages when once they were written. All that wealth of knowledge, of eloquence, of shining phrase and poetic suggestion, went where last year's snows and yesterday's newspapers go, by no means a *sejour* "where Orpheus and where Homer are."

M. de Saint-Victor published but two collections of his scattered writings. The volume by which probably he will be best remembered is named *Hommes et Dieux, Etudes d'Histoire et de Littérature*. The copy which lies before us is of the fourth edition, 1872. Probably a novel of M. Zola or of M. Daudet goes through more editions in a day than *Hommes et Dieux* will reach in the whole course of time. No book can be less "naturalistic," and therefore, perhaps, less fashionable. But it will always find readers, not numerous, perhaps, but friendly, who permit the stateliness and brilliancy of style to blind them to some defects of taste. The volume is not very well known in England, and we hope that a brief account of it may make a few more friends for a book to which its readers are apt to become attached. There are such books, which win admiration from their rare friends intense enough to make up for general neglect. Such volumes are *Gaspard de la Nuit* and the *Defence of Guinevere*, *Richard Feerel* and *Hommes et Dieux*. M. de Saint-Victor compared his collection of essays to the contents of an artist's studio. Here there is a portrait, there an historical painting; in this corner an etching, in that a drawing in chalk after the antique. There is something, in fact, for every one who cares for art and literature, and the essays vary in elaboration and substance, though all are touched with the same free and certain hand.

There are six studies from the antique in M. de Saint-Victor's collection, sketches of old mythology, figures of goddesses and of heroines. M. de Saint-Victor's Greeks are less French than the way with the Olympians adored by most of his countrymen. He



naturally welcomed the Venus of Milo with enthusiasm :—" à son apparition, que d'autels écroulés, que de prestiges évanouis. Comme dans le temple biblique, toutes les idoles tombèrent la face contre terre." He recognizes the true, the Heavenly Aphrodite, before whom the creations of a later age, from Praxiteles downwards, shrink abashed into their murmuring shells or beneath the waves from which they have risen. Men may curse Aphrodite, as in Dante's poem they complain of Fortune :—" Mais elle n'entend pas ces injures. Calme parmi les créatures premières, elle fait tourner sa sphère et se réjouit dans sa béatitude." This transition from one summit of art to another, distant but not less lofty, is very much in the manner of M. de Saint-Victor. His whole prose hymn to Aphrodite is worth comparing with the enthusiasm of Olive Newcome in the novel. But, in Thackeray's time, a man could only put these pagan ecstasies into the mouth of a boy, who, after all, is rather ashamed of them. "Don't show this to Warrington," says the ingenuous Olive. We have changed all that, and the modern writer on ancient art is only too apt to outdo M. de Saint-Victor, to stretch the cord till it breaks, and to make Phidias say, as Mr. Arnold's Homer tells to some modern admirers, "My friends, you do me a great deal of honour, but somehow or other you praise me too like barbarians." M. de Saint-Victor's *Diane* is another very exquisite study, which has also the merit of being a sensible mythological criticism. He recognizes the many elements in that composite being—the Artemis of history and of poetry. The wildness of the ancient tribal goddess, the she-bear, is in her nature, and the coldness and changefulness and secret sway of the Moon :—" C'est du courant des sources, de la profondeur des ombrages, des bruits du vent, des mystères de la solitude que Diane est sortie. De même qu'Apollon, pareil à une statue qui surgit des flammes de son moule, se dégage vite du soleil, de même Diane descend bientôt de l'astre nocturne. Son caractère lunaire pâlit par degrés; elle en gardera toujours le reflet, mais la Chasserresse prédomine, l'héroïne sans protecteur et sans maître, qui vit, libre de tout joug, au fond des bois." The essay is a pendant to M. de Banville's beautiful fairy ballade, with the refrain

Diane court dans la noire forêt.

But doubtless the most admirable of M. de Saint-Victor's studies after the antique is his *Hélène*—Helen conceived of as the type of ideal beauty. As all Paris saw Chimène with the eyes of Rodrigue, M. de Saint-Victor saw Helen, not debased by the later art of dramatists, but with the eyes of Homer. In the enchanted ground of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* Helen remains, like beauty in the world, always pure and noble. Life has no more power to soil her than if she had really rested by the Nile in the halls of Proteus, while only her phantom, a counterfeit woven out of clouds and air, passed to Ilios to endure the love of Paris and the hatred of the people. In the Fourth Book of the *Odyssey*, when she enters to welcome Telemachus, she "comes forth from her fragrant vaulted chamber like Artemis of the golden arrows." And in the last glimpse we gain of her she is presenting Telemachus with a gracious gift, a garment for his future bride that her hands have woven, "a memorial of the hands of Helen." "Vivante image de la Beauté idéale," cries M. de Saint-Victor, "l'homme peut souiller ses formes éphémères, il n'atteint pas son type éternel."

Passing from gods to men, from Olympus to Rome, M. de Saint-Victor paints the gorgeous abominations of Nero's court, with, it must be admitted, as much pleasure and skill as the shining mansions of the immortals. His study of the mania of the Cæsars is probably correct as an historical judgment. "Isolé contre ces deux grands vides, entre ces deux néants de la responsabilité et de la conscience, le César romain perd toute vue lucide, tout aperçu de rapports, tout sentiment de juste. Sa personnalité envahit la terre; il est le chiffre d'un zéro immense qui s'annule exprès pour le faire valoir. C'est plus qu'un Dieu, c'est le Destin; il s'en attribue la puissance aveugle, la tyrannie sans appel, les irresponsables caprices; il en revendique le droit de mort absolu, fatal, inintelligible, tel que l'exerce en apparence la Nature." From Nero M. de Saint-Victor turns straight to Marcus Aurelius and his *ὁπὰ μὴ ἀποκαυράσθης*, "Beware of Caesarism." "Comme Hamlet devant la fosse du cimetière d'Elseigneur, il se demande, devant le gouffre de l'infini, ce que la nature a fait des os d'Alexandre."

M. de Saint-Victor was certainly fortunate in his choice of topics. He wrote of César Borgia and Henri III., of Attila and Diane de Poitiers. Neither Macaulay nor Mr. Froude has produced any historical picture so strong, so deep in shadow, so touched here and there with a malignant humour, as his *La Cour d'Espagne sous Charles II.* Had M. de Saint-Victor cared to take the trouble to be a picturesque historian, his books would have been immensely popular, would have been translated into every European language. But he was too conscientious or too indolent. His literary essays—*Swift*, *Mann Lescaut*, *Le Chanson de Roland*, *Les Contes de Fées*—are almost as attractive as his mythological and historical studies. We may trust that some pious hand will collect more of the riches which he threw carelessly away. Shortly after the siege of Paris he published a volume of papers written during that miserable time. Like all the French writings during the siege, except those of Gautier, *Barbares et Bandits* is painful or impossible to read. In every line quivers the passion of a people that cannot fight, cannot touch or reach their foes, and are obliged to relieve themselves by threats and curses. A year before his death M. de Saint-Victor published the first volume of a kind of history of the theatre, on which he had bestowed im-

mense labour. We reviewed it at length when it appeared. There are signs of straining and weakness in *Les Deux Masques*, which are now too easily accounted for. M. de Saint-Victor's style was exaggerated in the book. It was crusted with metaphors and similes, till it became like a stiff brocade that "could stand up by itself." The author must be judged by the work of earlier and better years.

#### THE WILBERFORCE CASE.

IF Miss Mabel Wilberforce only wished to tell her simple tale to an interested audience she has every reason to be satisfied with the proceedings in her action against Captain Philp. For more than two days a crowded court hung upon her words. With a keen sense of the obligation created by this sustained attention, Miss Wilberforce was careful to provide her audience with constantly fresh matter. Each morning on coming into court she asked leave to set right some of her statements of the day before, and the variations between the original evidence and the corrections were wide enough to give the latter all the charm of an entirely new narrative. As painted by herself, Miss Wilberforce's career has been strangely unfortunate. She has fallen under the imprecation of the Psalmist, and found the things that should have been for her help made to her occasions of falling. In 1870, being then, as she says, only sixteen, she made her first acquaintance with human suffering in the siege of Paris. While still a schoolgirl she tended the wounded, and laid the foundation of that experience in nursing which she has since been striving to turn to account for the good, first of mankind and then of Dr. Philp. When the war between Russia and Turkey broke out she found herself at Indianapolis. She had lost her father and mother, and her orphaned heart went forth all the more eagerly to the sufferers in the East. Her experience in Paris naturally marked her out to be the almoner of a society for taking aid to the wounded, and with an aunt and a cousin she started for Bucharest and Plevna. When Plevna fell she came to London in the hope of forming a society for the protection of poor children north and south of the Balkans. Towards this good work she collected some secondhand clothing, some tinned foods, and 71*l.* in money. This was but a widow's mite in comparison with the work that had to be done, but it was not Miss Wilberforce's fault that it was not larger. Unhappily the Charity Organization Society chose to fancy that she was an impostor, and when they took to warning the public against her contributions flowed in but slowly. Beaten down by this relentless Association, she abandoned the struggle, and after faithfully distributing to these interesting little mountaineers every penny she had collected, she went to live in Paris. There she fell in with Dr. Philp, the father of the defendant in the action. Dr. Philp was about eighty, but Miss Wilberforce describes him as being as much a boy as she was a girl. This may possibly be a more ambiguous testimony to Dr. Philp's youthfulness than it at first appears, since it is part of the cruel case set up for the defence that Miss Wilberforce, instead of being a gushing young thing of twenty-seven, has attained the ripe age of forty. Still, Dr. Philp was young enough to wish to make Miss Wilberforce his wife, and fond enough of her to wish to make her his daughter when she had declined the "closer connexion." At this point the romance of Miss Wilberforce's history comes for the time to an end. Her adoption by Dr. Philp was naturally not much liked by his son, and Captain Philp's attention was more and more turned to introducing corrections into his adopted sister's autobiography.

As brought out in the cross-examination of the plaintiff these corrections were singularly comprehensive. The defendant's case is that Miss Wilberforce has never wandered into the truth except by accident or mistake. She was certainly vague as to her father's military career, and, unless she has a twin sister who has been playing a very different part from that which Miss Wilberforce has assigned to herself, it is hard to explain how she should have been recognized by so many persons, all of whom had something compromising to say of her, but none of whom, on her own showing, she had seen before. According to the theory thus built up and supported, Miss Wilberforce ought to be, but is not, Mrs. Trenefidi. The defendant maintains that she was living with a gentleman of this singular name in Manchester during the years when, on Miss Wilberforce's own showing, she was still a very small schoolgirl. It is further contended that a mysterious brother, who is constantly referred to by the plaintiff, but whom, unfortunately for herself, she was not able to produce in court, is really her son by this same gentleman—all which tallies very well with the story that makes her out to be forty, but hardly with the story which makes her out to be twenty-seven. There is nothing improbable, however, in the supposition that Miss Wilberforce has yielded to the temptation which ladies of forty not unfrequently find overpowering, and has suppressed thirteen years of her life. Any additions which were required in order to make the dates of her abbreviated biography hang well together she seems to have been quite capable of constructing. One of the points upon which she most relied was a copy of a letter from a New York detective to Captain Philp, in which this ingenuous officer is made to express himself with a candour seldom met with among private detectives who know themselves to be engaged in getting up a false case. The letter itself was not produced, it not

being Miss Wilberforce's habit to preserve original documents; but she had been enabled by a singular chance to take a copy of it. The letter had been addressed to "Mr. Philp, Earl's Terrace, Kensington," and, as this was Dr. Philp's address, he is alleged to have opened it in the belief that it was meant for himself. On reading it he saw that it was intended for his son, and desired Miss Wilberforce to take a copy of it before forwarding it to him. A more willing witness than this private detective, if we could but be sure of his existence, could not be desired. He is only anxious to know what crimes "Mr. Philp" would like the plaintiff to be saddled with. "Any offence against law or morality can be fastened," he says, "on a young and good-looking woman who has neither family friends nor much money." Mr. Philp has then his choice given him. The detective is equally prepared to "prove against her, by documentary and oral evidence, immorality, child murder, and attempt at poisoning." Those, with a conviction for theft thrown in, will be enough, he thinks, for Mr. Philp's purpose; but minor charges can be added if he thinks proper. Miss Wilberforce did not explain why, when this compromising letter had come so conveniently into her hands, and had shown her what was being prepared against her, she did not keep it as conclusive evidence of Captain Philp's unscrupulous designs. Another principal, and, as it turned out, decisive feature in the case was a letter from a gentleman in Indianapolis whom Miss Wilberforce called her trustee. The intimate knowledge of Dr. Philp's family and of his ward's relations with Captain Philp which this letter displayed would have been extraordinary if it had been possible to prove that any such person exists, and consequently that his correspondence with Miss Wilberforce might have been genuine. Unluckily Miss Wilberforce had given this imaginary guardian the name of a gentleman actually living in Indianapolis, and when he, upon being communicated with, denied all knowledge of his supposed ward, the plaintiff's counsel had no choice but to throw up his brief.

The case is a curious one from the needless and even injurious wealth of inventiveness which the plaintiff apparently displayed in getting it up. Miss Wilberforce gave the defendant every opportunity of catching her out. She seems to have been the victim of a pure love of romancing. No doubt there were passages in her past life which it was to her interest to conceal. But a little more reticence about her father's services in wars that have no place in history, and about her own labours of love in the East, would not have made it any harder to do this. The thing that most headed her was her attempt to get up the society for taking care of children north and south of the Balkans, because it was this that gained her a place in the pigeon-holes of the Charity Organization Society. After being thus suspected of imposture, she always felt compelled to make the Eastern part of her story good; and, as she was wholly without the means of doing this, she only wandered further into a maze, to which she herself did not possess the clue. It is not very clear why she did not marry Dr. Philp when she might have done so. A man of eighty would not have been a very long-lived encumbrance; and the part of an interesting widow, with many affectionate recollections of her departed husband, but with a heart still untouched by love, would have been one which she could probably have played to perfection. Possibly she was afraid that any will made by Dr. Philp in favour of his young wife might be challenged by the family, and so thought that she had better make what she could in the safer if less profitable character of his adopted child. Perhaps the circumstance in the trial which Miss Wilberforce will most regret is the doubt which has been thrown upon her own statement as to her age. To have the experience and prudence of forty with the reputation of being twenty-seven is frequently a very useful combination for a lady who has to earn her living. Unless she changes her name and fits herself with a new past, she is likely to be credited for the future with the intercalary years which she has hitherto contrived to make away with. But however often this cruel charge of being middle-aged and merely well-preserved instead of young and good-looking should be brought against her hereafter, she will do well to abstain from taking proceedings against her assailants.

#### THE WINDSOR REVIEW.

THE fifty-two thousand men and more who were reviewed by the Queen in Windsor Park last Saturday, and those in authority, military or railway, whose business it was to bring them together and send them home again, have earned, in the most favourable sense, the blessing pronounced on the nations who have no history. Everything went so well and smoothly that criticism could scarcely find a handle to lay hold of. On Friday the world was discussing whether the Volunteers would sleep in their beds on Sunday night, and as for the civilian public who might be rash enough to go and see the show it was assumed that such as had not secured quarters in the neighbourhood, and had not the legs and the courage to walk back to London, would be reduced to the state of vagrom men for about a couple of days. Before midnight on Saturday the last of the Volunteers were fairly embarked on their return journey, and those who had farthest to go were at home by noon on Sunday. On Monday the world had discovered that its fears were unfounded, and by this time it is probably assured (as its manner is) that the concentration of fifty thousand men is a simple affair, naturally going like

clockwork, and that nobody ever thought otherwise. There were regiments which left London when the forenoon was well advanced, passed before the Queen and marched off the ground about seven in the evening, and were in their return train an hour later, and at the London terminus whence they had started in an hour more. The expedition which had been looked forward to as a campaign of unknown duration and hardships, in which everything might happen except what was provided for, was carried out with the regularity and despatch of the Scotch mail. There was not even the appearance of bustle and the sense of being in a crowd. Every train was ready for its due number of men, and when they were landed at their proper place they knew exactly where to go, and found their way clear. The perfect working of the railway arrangements both coming and going throws great credit both on the staff of the railway companies and on the Quarter-master-General's department; nor must the conduct of the Volunteers themselves be forgotten as contributing to the result. The discipline appears to have been without exception irreproachable, offering in this respect a happy contrast to what took place in 1868. What the railways achieved may perhaps be best understood by reducing it to its component parts. To send off thirty-five trains full of men in five hours does not at the first blush sound so very much. We are more sensible to its meaning when we reflect that this comes to something more than a train every nine minutes. This is a performance of which English railway enterprise may justly be proud, the more so when we remember that the ordinary traffic was only in part interfered with. In fact, almost as much disturbance occurred on other lines, in consequence of loans of rolling stock and the pressure on morning trains into London, as on those which actually conveyed the Volunteers to the review. The broad result has been, as far as the railway part of the business goes, to prove that it is perfectly feasible to concentrate fifty thousand men under arms from all parts of the kingdom within four-and-twenty hours. A large proportion of the force naturally came from London and the home counties. But no part of the country was unrepresented; there were men from Tynemouth and from Exeter, from Nottingham and from Glamorgan-shire. And those who had travelled the longest distances showed themselves—unless we are to give credence to the correspondent of an obscure German paper rather than to the concurrent verdicts of all English observers—in as good heart and condition for their work as could be wished. Another correspondent, as we were informed from Berlin, discovered, with that exquisite perception and good taste which always distinguish the German critic in foreign parts, that the one object really worth looking at on the field was the German Crown Prince, and that the Volunteers were chiefly occupied in looking at him. We know on the best authority that foreign observers of much more importance than either of these correspondents thought otherwise.

As an experiment in mobilization, then, the review fully repaid the time and pains that were spent on it. Of course the conditions were not the same as they would be on actual service. There were no guns to be moved, few or no horses, and no regimental baggage and other impediments. But then in a case of actual service the lines would be cleared for the military traffic, and as for supplies and baggage (except the ammunition and ambulance train), a rapid concentration of troops for a special purpose might in England very well take place without them. Some complaints were raised beforehand—without good cause in our opinion—as to what was called the break-down of commissariat arrangements. It does not seem to have occurred to the complainers to ask themselves what haversacks are for. When a large number of men have to be out for a limited time, it is obviously the simplest and surest plan for each to carry his own food; whether it shall be provided by himself or by his corps is a detail of regimental management best left—as in this case it was left—to the respective commanding officers. In many cases, however, measures were taken to supplement the portable rations, and here the same judicious forethought was shown as in other matters, notably in the provision of hot coffee for some of the North-country corps arriving by early trains. Water, the one thing of which the individual man cannot carry enough for comfort, was forthcoming without stint. The men were not less content, and in all probability better fed, than if any more ambitious catering for the multitude had been attempted. On actual service no other method would be possible, assuming always that the movement is a rapid one. Only some days after the Review did the public learn that accidents in this department had, after all, been provided for at head-quarters. By Sir Garnet Wolseley's direction a store of biscuit and preserved meats was quietly kept in reserve hard by for the sustenance of any regiment which might run short or fail to meet its supplies. Let us hope that an occasion, though a peaceful one, on which nothing miscarried, and if there had been a miscarriage the remedy would have been at hand, may be taken as a good omen for the future of British military history. One Sussex corps, indeed, fared badly enough, by the inexplicable and almost incredible perversity of its commanding officer. If the published statements are true, the men were deprived not only of haversacks, but of water-bottles; the refreshment provided for them on arrival and departure was miserably inadequate; and they were not even allowed to avail themselves of the free supplies of water at the station and on the review grounds. Happily this piece of folly seems to have been unique, and we trust care will be taken by the proper authorities that the officer guilty of it has not the opportunity of repeating it. The sight of so many varied uniforms gathered together in the Park revived the long-standing, but as yet fruitless, controversy



as to the best colour for a soldier's dress, if controversy it may be called where the argument is all on one side. The day was fine, there was plenty of light, and the troops were distributed in large masses which offered a good test of conspicuousness; and the effect went to confirm the opinion already formed by most persons who have attended to the matter. This is that, as regards the target offered to an enemy's fire, grey or drab is the most serviceable colour; that our national colour is conspicuous, though perhaps not so bad as might be expected from its brilliancy at short distances; and that of all colours the so-called rifle-green, practically black, is the very worst. Yet for the last few years something like official pressure has been put upon the Volunteers to discourage the wearing of grey, and most of them are by this time either in red or in black. The reason alleged is the desirableness of assimilating their appearance to that of the regulars and avoiding multiplicity of uniforms. There is something to be said for this in itself; but it may be thought that, unless regimental prejudices are insuperable, simplicity would be better attained by discarding the ugly and unworkmanlike "rifle-green" from all branches of the service; in short, by putting the Rifle Brigade and the 60th (or whatever they have become in the new nomenclature) into grey, instead of driving the Volunteers out of it. No one would at present propose any actual encroachment on the national scarlet; but its admirers may be reminded that even as things are it receives but scant honour on many occasions of foreign service. In India and Africa the British soldier has often fought in colours much like those of the grey-clad Volunteers. We do not underrate the effect of martial ornaments and display. But perhaps we might do worse than imitate at home the example of our Indian cavalry regiments, whose English officers have two quite distinct uniforms—a smart one for parade and a working one for service.

The march past has been already described to death from every point of view—from the outside, from the ranks, by soldiers, by civilians; gushingly, frigidly, patriotically, picturesquely, genially, and censoriously. The minute and on some points fastidious criticism of the *Times* Correspondent must have been hard to bear for some of those who had borne the burden and heat of a long journey. Men may well think it unfair to be tested under such circumstances by the most rigid standard of the parade-ground. It must be remembered, too, that on such an occasion a corps is far more at the mercy of external accidents than at its own inspection. One little circumstance will show the kind of things we mean. In some cases at least the men, against the judgment of their own commanding officers, were brought to the shoulder too long before they reached the saluting point—a position which, as every one knows who has been drilled at all, is, even for trained men, an irksome one to maintain steadily. But those who think they have not received their due may console themselves by taking to heart that to be thought worthy of minute criticism is something. And those who still bear malice may observe for their further comfort that the *Times*, in the very report which insists—we do not say wrongly—on the observance of all the niceties of distance and dressing by Volunteers as well as by regulars, and upholds the march past in all its rigour as not a mere show, but a test of effective drill, itself shows a lamentable want of elementary discipline in printing. The precisely stern military censor was made to inform the world that, in his opinion, the marching past "did not deserve the *thusiastic* encomiums" it had received in other quarters. But why did the printer stop there? "Thusiastic encomiums" would have been more symmetrical and striking; or "ngcomiums" might have still more nearly represented the fashionable pronunciation of English. However, censure, even ill printed, is better than random and unmeasured eulogy such as that of the correspondent who extolled the force as "fifty-five thousand such shots as cannot be equalled in the world." This kind of talk could do nothing but mischief if anybody believed in it. It is certain that there were many excellent marksmen among the Volunteers assembled at Windsor. It is probable that the men, as a whole, could scarcely be surpassed by an equal number of troops of any nation either in good shooting or in the physical and moral qualities which enable a man to make the best of his shooting in the hour of need. But it is absurd to suppose that every Volunteer is a marksman. Excellence in rifle-shooting, as in any other exercise of skill, requires aptitude and a certain amount of leisure; neither is a good sportsman necessarily a good shot with the military weapon. The Volunteers who have taken possession of Wimbledon this week are those who have specially and successfully pursued the art. There are many others who shoot very little, or who find that, with all the practice they can command, they do not become more than indifferent shots. In the same way it is at least undesirable to speak of these fifty and odd thousand Volunteers as an army, and boast of what they could do in defending London. An army is exactly what they were not, and by the nature of the occasion could not be. How far the means exist of making the Volunteers into an army cannot, for obvious reasons, be adequately discussed in public; but the public should at least understand that the question is not answered by collecting fifty thousand infantry for one day in Windsor Park.

Route marching formed, as a rule, no part of the work undertaken by the various corps. But a strong detachment of a South Middlesex regiment spent Saturday night in marching from Windsor to the camp at Wimbledon, a performance deserving of all praise. Finally, we may note that not even the severest critic has found anything amiss in the order and discipline shown by

every one concerned in the review; and the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief has recorded in a General Order which will long be remembered by the Volunteers his conviction that "the discipline and endurance of all ranks would do credit to troops employed on permanent service."

#### DR. CUMMING.

THE news of Dr. Cumming's death would have created a much greater sensation a dozen years ago when the Prophet of Crown Court was still in all his glory, or when at all events the perennial stream of unfulfilled prophecy had not yet run dry. For two or three years past, the Doctor had retired from public view, and for some time previously the public had been retiring from his pulpit. Those who were suddenly reminded of his old reputation by learning the other day that he had passed away will probably have been surprised to find that he was only 72 years old. The fact is that Dr. Cumming began to preach, which meant with him to prophecy, at a very early age, and occupied his familiar tripod in Crown Court for nearly half a century. That he should have managed during most of that period to retain his hold over a numerically not inconsiderable section of the religious world—including at one time Duchesses and other such notabilities—may seem startling at first sight, but we mean no disrespect to that eminent poet in saying that Dr. Cumming was the Martin Tupper of theology, and if it be true that Martin Tupper has his tens of thousands of readers, especially of the fair sex, where Tennyson has his thousands, we need not marvel that multitudes who turn from Newman or Westcott or even from Dean Stanley as from a sealed book should eagerly drink in the fiery contents of the *Seventh Vial* and listen with awful suspense to the trumpet tone which announced—though it announced in vain—the imminent approach of the *Battle of Armageddon*. There was indeed one little drawback, for the predictions confidently repeated year by year, and usually about twice a year, somehow never came true, and the fateful dates had to be again and again reconstructed. The *Sounding of the Last Trumpet* was found to give a very "uncertain sound," and the *Last Warning Cry* was uttered, not indeed exactly to heedless ears, but to ears too likely to be rendered heedless for the future by disappointment of the expected result. But these little incongruities never ruffled for a moment the self-complacency or the self-confidence of the prophet himself. He always had some excellent explanation ready as to why the prediction had not been fulfilled at the precise time or in the precise way anticipated, or some ingenious way of showing that in fact it really had been fulfilled, though nobody but he who had dreamed the dream had the gift of discerning the interpretation thereof. We all know how the *Times*, though it often changes, is always consistent, and never lacks an opportune quotation to prove that it has been always right. Dr. Cumming, though he traced his inspirations to a higher source, was equally consistent, and always "knew he was right." And, what is more, he always got a great many people—"mostly fools," perhaps, in the Carlylese sense—to believe him. Nor is this altogether inexplicable. In the first place, it is only fair to admit that he had the courage of his hallucinations. His literary conscience, as will appear presently, was almost as queer as his literary taste; but there can be no doubt that he really believed in the main what he said. The Pope was to him as real an object of mingled terror and detestation as to Bunyan's "Pilgrim," only a much more formidable one, and his final doom was a constant theme of Divine prediction from Genesis to the Apocalypse. The Doctor gave indeed in his latter days a strong proof of the sincerity of his sentiments on this point, if it be true that he made a pilgrimage to Exeter with his family on the Fifth of November, and took lodgings in the Cathedral Yard, in order to witness the huge bonfire whereby it pleases "Young Exeter" year by year to testify its Protestant zeal—or presumably its rowdiness—in defiance of official warnings, cordons of police, and the angry reclamations of the inhabitants of that "ancient and loyal city," especially those living in the precincts, who are in dread as each November comes round of their Cathedral and themselves being involved in a common conflagration. Then again Dr. Cumming was not only manifestly sincere in his strange vagaries, but he had a pleasing presence, an unfailing supply of the kind of eloquence which the British Philistine can appreciate, and a geniality of temper—not perhaps quite in harmony with his awful denunciations—which made him personally popular. And if each new composition that appeared, under whatever variety of title—*Babylon*, *Armageddon*, *The Last War*, *The Great Tribulation*, &c.—was little else than a new setting of the last, so that one might almost literally say *Ex uno disce omnes*, still fresh events were constantly happening which could be somehow or other dovetailed into the general plan, and fresh articles and books were being published which could be quoted at any indefinite length, though neither events nor extracts were always very much to the purpose. To use a favourite but somewhat unintelligible quotation of his own, he got *rem quomodo rem*.

Dr. Cumming will live, if he lives at all, by his works, and ill-natured critics may possibly suggest that he has built himself a monument *ere perennius* in more senses than one. We have no wish to be unkind to him, but it is simply impossible to accept him for what to the last he claimed to be, a great teacher and prophet of the highest truth. Whether his theology was right

or wrong in the abstract we need not discuss here, but his ignorance was as unbounded as his confidence; and the plain fact is that he had a habit all his life, which grew into a second nature, of talking nonsense without knowing it. A brief glance at two or three of his later works will sufficiently illustrate what we mean.

In 1867 the Ritualistic movement, as it has come to be called, was beginning to attract attention, and it occurred to Dr. Cumming that a new variation of the old Babylonish melody would be appropriate. He accordingly seized his opportunity and at once preached and published twelve lectures under the fascinating title, *Ritualism the Highway to Rome*. The date given for the destruction of the world had been fixed—to the best of our recollection not for the first time—and was then definitively settled for 1868. What occurred in the short interval might therefore seem to be not very important. But in the preface to this new work the author professed himself “deeply persuaded that never was our country in greater peril in its highest and holiest interest.” A leading Roman Catholic newspaper—which must have borrowed for once something of Dr. Cumming’s prophetic tone—had avowed its belief that the time was coming “when High Mass will once more be sung in Westminster Abbey,” and the prediction bore to his mind an almost Apocalyptic significance. On the other hand, the *Protestant Churchman*—a magazine we are not familiar with—had shown by “tabular statistics” the fearful growth of Romish priests, chapels, convents, and colleges since the fatal year 1829, and this increase was mainly due, he thought, to Ritualism or its Tractarian parent. Moreover, Dr. Cumming had just discovered that “vast masses of the poor—especially Irish poor—are already Roman Catholics,” and the context implied that “Ritualist ceremonial” had made them such. Then, again, the *Directorium Anglicanum*—a Ritualist work—was somehow responsible for the mischievous Act which allowed Romish priests to officiate in gaols, and even “to be paid out of the rates according to their work,” and to have an altar, sacrificial vestments, and “a Virgin Mary” supplied in aid of their ministrations. And there were actually men eating the bread of our Protestant Establishment, who dared to call themselves “priests,” and took every means, by the use of candles and rich dresses, “which, whether at the ball, or the opera, or a Ritualistic church, are no doubt very attractive,” to inculcate Romish dogmas. Here was a sufficiently alarming basis of fact to go upon, and an elaborate argument follows—borrowed wholesale, by the way, from Tillotson—against the Real Presence, capped by a somewhat obscure inference from what is not contained in a long passage of Justin Martyr, “who probably saw the Apostle John”—if he ever did, it must have been as a baby—to the effect that in his day there was neither liturgy, priesthood, nor sacrifice in the Christian Church. And there is another still more obscure argumentation against the Ritualistic and Popish figment of the apostolic succession. But the learned Doctor also adds *more suo* some touching little anecdotes. He tells us e.g. how he once met “in that exquisite Corinthian structure, La Madeleine,” a venerable French priest, who was already “a real Christian,” and had thoughts of coming to London to attend the May Meetings. On another occasion, however, at Bruges his landlord assured him that “his life would not be safe,” if he attempted to preach Christ in that priest-ridden city, but he would be listened to with enthusiasm, if he liked to preach the Virgin Mary “even in very bad French.” We are left to infer that in the circumstances he preferred to remain silent.

Three years later—that is two years after what should have been the final catastrophe—came the Vatican Council, and here of course was another great opportunity for Dr. Cumming. He had offered, indeed, to attend that venerable assembly in person, if the Pope would allow him full freedom of speech when he got there; but a somewhat curt and almost sarcastic message conveyed to “Dr. Cumming of Scotland,” through Archbishop Manning, intimated that his offer could not be entertained; so he took his repulse like a man, and put into print those views on *The Fall of Babylon Foreshadowed in Her Teaching, in History, and in Prophecy*, which he had once hoped to utter in the Council Chamber. In this work, which covers nearly 500 pages, the date of the Battle of Armageddon is once more rearranged, and placed this time “about 1870”; but there is not very much else in it new. We are told that the Romish religion is “supernatural,” which evidently means infra-natural, for the writer immediately adds that it is too impious to come from above, and too artful to be the work of man; in short, it is “the masterpiece of the Devil.” There have been, however, some few good Christians in the Church of Rome—of whom three are named—but then they were good “in spite of their creed.” At the same time, so far from being a corruption of Protestantism, we are assured that Popery is nearly as old as the creation of man. It is “coeval in principle with the Fall. Adam was a Papist before he became a Protestant.” And unfortunately Adam’s firstborn followed his parent in his original error, and not in his subsequent conversion. “Cain was, in principle, the first Roman Catholic priest,” for he offered “an unbloody sacrifice exactly typical of the Mass.” So, by the by, did Melchisedech. And the same evil “principle” appears to have survived in the chosen people up to the time of their final rejection, for we are asked, “What land, from the sacred heights of Calvary to the pinnacles of the Alps, has not been drenched with the blood of martyrs who have been slain by her” (Rome)? It was the year of the Vatican Council,

so we have of course a chapter to prove the fallibility of Ecumenical Councils, which is demonstrated by the fact that “in the fourth century nineteen Councils of the Church were orthodox and nineteen heretical.” The italics are the author’s, but he omits to add that only two of these thirty-eight Councils were reputed Ecumenical, both of which he classifies as orthodox. There are some odd historical puzzles about “the canonization of Teresias,” apparently meaning St. Theresa, the revolting immoralities of Pope Alexander II. and of Borgia, who are evidently treated as two different persons, and the proceedings of “Gregory” and “Nyssen,” whose personality is bifurcated in the same uncomfortable fashion. But on this and some other very strange historical complications we cannot linger here. We have said already that the date of the end of the world is fixed in this volume for “about 1870,” but this is based on a calculation that the world was to last 6,000 years, and had then reached the year 6002, which might seem to show not that “the sands of our present mundane economy are nearly run out,” but that they had run out two years before. The prophet, however, cautiously adds, mindful perhaps of former disappointments, “I give dates. I refuse to decide.” In another book issued some months later he denied that there was “one solution published in previous works that demands reversal or recasting,” and thinks the battle of Armageddon may “with no great difficulty” be identified with Sebastopol.

This second work of 1870, entitled the *Seventh Vial*—according to the Revised Version it would be the “Seventh Bowl”—appeared after the prorogation of the Vatican Council, when “this unclean spirit from the Pope had inspired 533 prelates to proclaim an aged priest infallible,” and we hear a good deal about “the false prophet,” and “the croaking frogs,” and “the lie,” and how “Rome, filthy, bigoted, and cruel, is the nursery of brigands, the nest of priests, and the throne of beggars”; with a good deal more to the same effect. This, by the way, was published just after Victor Emmanuel had entered Rome. One peculiarity of Dr. Cumming’s style, which is signally illustrated in this and his next volume of the following year, is what might in a less devout and unworlly kind of literature be designated bookmaking. We can be hardly wrong in saying that at least half the volume is made up of extracts from the newspapers and serials of the day, the *Times*, the *Standard*, the *Westminster Review*—euphemistically described as “making no pretension to be a religious organ”—and even our own columns being heavily taxed for the purpose. Then again, *à propos* of “the Great Earthquake,” we have nearly seventy pages of extracts on the natural history of earthquakes, and several more about “tidal waves” to illustrate “the Sea and the Waves roaring”; while the “signs in the sun and moon and stars” are illustrated by a further series of extracts about “spots in the sun.” The work on the *Cities of the Nations*, which appeared in the following year, reads very like a sequel to the *Seventh Vial*, and was also largely made up of cuttings from the daily papers and other publications of the day, together with long extracts from “Alison, the historian,” who was a great favourite of Dr. Cumming’s. In this work the author was able to exult over “the light” that had broken on Rome, and the substitution of “an enlightened civil law” for the “sanguinary canon law”; but he had to mourn over the sceptical teaching of Dr. Colenso and his allies—for like Lord Sandon, in his recent address to the Orangemen of Ormskirk, Dr. Cumming kept an eye on the sceptics as well as on the Pope—and he urged some very odd arguments, partly based on personal experiences of his own, in reply to them. But we are inclined to suspect that this modern and mundane element in his books—the gossiping stories and still more the gossiping extracts they are so full of—constituted one of their principal charms. There are religious people who object to reading newspapers or novels, and especially object to them on Sundays. To such persons it would be quite a godsend to meet with an indubitably pious and “Sunday book,” which was nevertheless choke full of cuttings from the periodical press. They not only found pleasure and piety combined; their curiosity was gratified in a manner not simply innocent but positively devotional. If on the other hand we inquire why the popularity he had enjoyed so long began to wane at last, the explanation is hardly far to seek. Even the religious world grew weary at last of the dull monotony of perpetual repetitions and predictions constantly falsified by the event, but there was a further cause also. When Dr. Cumming began to preach, the latent Protestantism of the country had been recently roused to fury by the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, and the Tractarian movement, with its direct and incidental consequences, kept the No Popery passion at fever heat for many years afterwards. But times had changed and new storms were breaking over the theological horizon, and the old watchwords offered no guidance or protection amid dangers a former age had not experienced or foreseen. In spite of the inspiration he almost claimed the Protestant prophet had no chart to steer by in these untried seas. A generation had grown up which knew not Joseph, and Dr. Cumming found his occupation gone from him. If we could hope his career might act as a warning to others against a course of unconscious but not wholly innocuous charlatanism, he would not have lived in vain. But it is difficult to point the moral without seeming to suggest an imputation he was too transparently credulous to deserve.



## THE LONDON FISH SUPPLY.

THE anxiety of the Metropolitan Board of Works to enter into competition with the Corporation of London as fish-mongers would be wholly praiseworthy if it were not slightly indecent. The Corporation is a body slow to move, and perhaps has no very burning or philanthropic impulses to guide it in its attacks on vested interests which are at the same time public nuisances. But what it does it generally does rather well (at least when it keeps clear of griffins, which are not fish); and, if it is apt to do it rather expensively, the expense is not reflected in half-yearly demand-notes on the ratepayers, as are the *freedoms* of the Board of Works. The impropriety, however, of the interference of the latter does not lie in any eagerness for a competition that might be respectable as a piece of emulation and beneficial to the outside public in any case. But the very useful inquiry which the Corporation itself has set on foot affords almost the only means of arriving at a sound conclusion as to what is really wanted to be done. There are as yet no data to go upon of anything like a complete nature, Mr. Walpole's inquiry having been strictly limited to the capacities and possibilities of Billingsgate as it is, or with slight remedial alterations. The Corporation, moreover, according to its wont, has proceeded liberally enough in the matter. It has diligently placarded the seaports and fishing towns of the kingdom with a notice that any one who has anything valuable to say may come and say it with the certainty of recompense for his outlay in time and trouble. It has in the fortnight which has passed since the Commission opened collected a very considerable amount of very valuable evidence from all sorts of persons—salesmen, country fish-brokers, smack-owners, fishermen, railway managers, &c. &c., on the subject. We shall own that we are profoundly convinced of the insufficiency, and something worse, of Billingsgate under the present arrangements. But it seems to us, to say the least, ungracious, and what is more indiscreet, to assume, before anything like a complete body of evidence has been got together, that the remedy to be found for the present state of things is to be found only in disestablishing Billingsgate or in setting up a rival thereto.

That some remedy is required, is a fact sufficiently proved by the mere fact of the inquiry now going on, and demonstrable with the greatest ease by those who have had their eyes on the subject for any time. Billingsgate, as all Londoners ought to know, and as, perhaps, a few actually do know, is a very small market, in area about equal to the market-house of a third-rate country town, situated just to the eastward of London Bridge. A wharf intervenes, and with the bridge itself and the great diversity of level between the superior roadways and the waterside, at once shuts off the Market from expansion in that direction, and makes it extremely difficult of access. On the other, or seaward, side is the Custom House, equally prohibitive of expansion, while behind the Market, and serving as its only land approach, runs Lower Thames Street, one of the narrowest, most congested, and worst-drained channels of central London traffic. No railway comes anywhere near the Market, where all the London fish is collected and distributed. For water carriage it is (by the help, if we mistake not, of some wharf space borrowed from the Government) not ill adapted; but a very large portion of the fish supply does not now come by water. The railway vans which bring the greater part of the supply from the south-western and north-eastern coasts are hopelessly entangled in Thames Street. Mr. Walpole's inquiry showed conclusively that the large amounts of fish weekly destroyed by the Market inspectors are in great part due, not to fraudulent or careless fishermen, but simply to the fact that the vans, for one reason or another, cannot reach the Market in time to deliver their contents fresh and in good condition. One famous case of a van which made its effort day after day until the contents were condemned has been explained, after a fashion, and a rather damaging fashion, too; but the fact is not denied. The manager of one of the greatest of English railway Companies declared recently before the Corporation Committee that it took longer to get the fish vans from the terminus to the Billingsgate stalls than to transport it two hundred miles from the nets to the terminus, and that if his Company did not lower the fish rates, it was simply because the existing supply was almost impossible to distribute.

From Cornwall and Lincolnshire, from Yorkshire and Norfolk, smack-owners and local salesmen have come up to say that there is not the least difficulty in increasing the supply if only there were a chance of a fair sale. Nor are the complaints limited to complaints of mechanical difficulties. It is constantly alleged, and but lamely denied, that the "bummarees," or middlemen-salesmen, of Billingsgate practise an elaborate system of forestalling and regrating; that they keep back the supplies rather than cheapen the market; that, having the practical command of the retailers, they oblige them to take what they choose to give them, at the price which they choose to put on it; and that, in short, Billingsgate displays all the worst features of an organized monopoly. In the nature of things the truth of this is not easy to get at, and the actual mechanical inconveniences of approach and room are so great that it is easy to throw the blame on them. But not the least significant fact in the whole matter is the official, or semi-official, defence which has been made for the celebrated van above referred to. It was not, it seems, from want of room that it made so many futile attempts to reach Billingsgate, and the

fish had been honestly paid for. But the salesman-owner could not get his price, and, rather than part with it below that price, he kept the van in the position of Mahomet's coffin until the inspectors interfered. There could hardly be a more significant explanation than this.

The results all Londoners who are not above regarding the state of the market in regard to comestibles know. Fish is extraordinarily dear; there is not enough of it, and the supply is as devoid of due variety as it is of abundance or cheapness. The ways and habits of the local fisherman have long been a mystery to the seaside visitor. He is apparently very lazy, and, when he does catch the fishes of the sea, is extraordinarily unwilling to "trade" with them, though when he does so it is at a price which makes the cunning housekeeper open her eyes in wonderment and wrath at her London purveyor. The fact is that the local fisherman, or rather the local salesman on whom he depends, is fettered. He is more or less bound to send to his London consignee all he catches, and yet he knows perfectly well that that consignee is by no means anxious for a too abundant supply. The local demand is too uncertain, too fluctuating, and too limited in amount to make it safe to depend on it. The London demand is rather for a limited supply to be sold at high prices—from which the fisherman reaps little benefit—than for a large supply to be sold cheap. The result is a wasteful and inefficient style of fishing. Here and there fish like herrings and pilchards are salted and sent abroad because there is no sale for them at home. In other places the one kind of food which is to be had originally for nothing but the trouble of catching it is left uncaught. If the case is bad with sea fish, it is infinitely worse with freshwater fish. Except trout and salmon, it is difficult to mention a single *poisson d'eau douce* which can ordinarily be bought in a London shop. Yet, despite the ignorant prejudice which, in the main, the want of supply has created, these fishes are excellent as food, and can be produced in vast numbers at a nominal expense. Gudgeon can give points to smelts if not to whitebait; the small Windermere perch are not forgotten by him who has eaten of them; and a Bassenthwaite pike or one from the Norfolk Broads would surprise not a few Londoners very pleasantly as a variant to the monotonous roster of sole and turbot, whiting, and codfish. But the average retailer is completely under the thumb of the Billingsgate magnates. He has to take what it pleases them to sell him, and, if his own statements are to be trusted, he has to take an entirely artificial assortment of good and bad, fine and coarse, fish in a lot, so that his own judgment or the taste of his customers counts for exceedingly little, or rather for nothing at all.

One attempt and one only of importance has been made to rival or supplement Billingsgate, and that completely broke down. We very well remember visiting Columbia Market years ago, and discovering its stately arcades occupied by a single barrowful of shrimps and a sweet-stall. Perhaps the locality was ill-chosen, but it is persistently asserted that the Billingsgate salesmen ruined the Market by the same well-known arts of "cornering" which, in cases where the circumstances make absolute Free-trade impossible, are as effectual with codfish as with corned beef, with shrimps as with screws. Alternate underselling and buying up, convincing customers that they are not likely to be well served, and disabling the rival from serving them, are potent enough devices in a case where the customer is necessarily dependent on the retailer, and where the retailer is, for his credit's sake, bound to make sure of a constant supply. The authority of most witnesses of weight, both in this inquiry and in Mr. Walpole's, goes to the conclusion that a single, but much enlarged and far better served, market, with, if possible, official salesmen, with ample standing room for stall-keepers, and well furnished both with railway and with river communication, is the only solution of the difficulty. Billingsgate unfortunately is very difficult to adapt to these conditions. Only the absorption of the Custom House—a rather bold proposal—would give it the required extra space. No really feasible plan of improving its present land approaches seems to have been suggested, except at a cost in money and in suspension of business hardly to be thought of; and, until the completion of the Inner Circle (in other words, until the coming of the Coccigruis) it is not easy to see how it is to get a really serviceable railway. The establishment of different markets for different kinds of fish would add greatly to the trouble given to the retailers; the establishment of separate markets, each fully supplied, would be a waste of power, and would probably fail, even if means could be found to exclude positive rivalry while encouraging a healthy competition. All the evidence given, as well as all the *à priori* considerations, seems to point to the necessity of a greatly enlarged market, with both land and water approaches, the land approaches being by road and by rail indifferently. Perhaps the acquisition of the Custom House site is not quite so much out of the question as it may seem, for the absolute necessity of the present great river frontage to that institution has long been a thing of the past. The extension would make an improvement of the road approaches from Tower Hill possible, and a railway connexion with Fenchurch Street not difficult. The only thing that would then remain to be done would be the breaking up of the present monopoly, or, supposing that monopoly to be an invention of evil men, the rendering of it impossible, either by the appointment of official salesmen, or by a different and careful system of allotting stands and stalls in the market. If this were done, Londoners might possibly hope for some variety

on their present very limited fish list, and would be spared the trouble of racking their brains to discover how it is that fish can be supplied wholesale at fourpence a pound when it costs them retail from eightpence to two shillings on the average.

#### THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

ACCORDING to the abstract of the Census laid before Parliament last week, the population of the United Kingdom on the 4th of April last amounted to 35,246,562, being an increase of 3,389,324 since 1871, or 10·68 per cent. In other words, the population of the United Kingdom increased during the past ten years at a rate of slightly over 1 per cent. per annum. Of the above total, England and Wales contain 25,968,286 persons; while Ireland contains only 5,159,839, and Scotland but 3,734,370. The remainder is composed of the population of the Channel Islands, of the Isle of Man, and the army, navy, and merchant service. The total increase of population, as we have just said, in the ten years was 3,389,324; while the increase in the population of England and Wales alone was 3,256,020, and that of the Scotch population was 374,382. The increase in Great Britain, therefore, was 3,630,370, or nearly a quarter of a million greater than the increase in the whole of the United Kingdom. This is explained by the fact that the population of Ireland still continues to decrease, the falling off in the last ten years amounting to 252,538. In other words, the agricultural distress since 1876 has neutralized the prosperity of Ireland in the five preceding years, and has so greatly stimulated emigration that the population is shown by the fourth Census in succession to have diminished. The movements of population in the three parts of the United Kingdom since the beginning of the century are remarkable. In 1801 the population of England and Wales was 8,892,556. It has, therefore, very nearly trebled in the eighty years. The population of Scotland at the beginning of the century was 1,608,400. It has not increased so rapidly as that of England, but still the increase is about two and a half times. The population of Ireland at the beginning of the century we are unable to state accurately, but in 1821 it was returned as 6,801,827. In 1841 it had risen to 8,175,124, and it continued to increase up to the end of 1846. But, as we have just seen, it now but slightly exceeds five millions. In the past forty years, therefore, the population of Ireland has decreased fully 40 per cent. It is now, in consequence, very much smaller than it was in 1821, and is probably not much larger than it was when the Union took place. The result of these great changes is that the population of Ireland now is trifling compared with that of Great Britain, whereas eighty years ago it was about half the latter. England and Wales now contain 69·8 per cent. of the whole population of the United Kingdom, Scotland only 10·6 per cent., and Ireland no more than 14·6 per cent. In other words, England and Wales alone contain just 70 per cent. of the total population, and Ireland and Scotland between them contain barely more than 25 per cent. The population of England and Wales alone, therefore, is nearly three times as great as those of Ireland and Scotland added together. Within the United Kingdom, that is, the movements of population during the past eighty years have worked a complete revolution in the relative weight of the three kingdoms. England, instead of being but little superior in population to Ireland, Scotland, and Wales taken together, and with the two latter having but twice as many people as Ireland, alone now has not far short of three persons for every one in the other three. It is little exaggeration, then, to say that England is the United Kingdom.

Speaking roughly, the population of the United Kingdom is now nearly equal to those of France and of Austria-Hungary, and is materially exceeded among the Great Powers only by the populations of Germany, the United States, and Russia. The United Kingdom, consequently, is a much greater Power in regard to population now than it was when it conducted the great war against Napoleon. Then it was able to take a leading part in European politics mainly because of its wealth. The armies it was able to place in the field out of its own population were small, and it fought its battles mainly by means of coalitions. Now, if our people chose, they could place as great armies in the field as either France or Austria. Their numbers exceed by nearly 75 per cent. those of the Northern States during the time of the great American Civil War. They are likewise vastly more numerous than the French were at any time during the reign of the great Napoleon. Population, of course, is only one of the elements of a nation's greatness, and is by no means the principal one. If it were, indeed, India and China would be out of all proportion the mightiest nations upon earth, whereas the former is a mere dependency of Great Britain, and the latter is unable to resist small expeditionary forces of European nations. Again, if population constituted the power of a nation, Russia would be able to overrun the whole Continent; or, to take the matter in the converse light, we see how mere numerical superiority may be counterbalanced by other qualities, by the extraordinary rise of Prussia during the past twenty years. Having first driven Austria out of the Germanic Confederation, she then compelled the smaller German States to place themselves under her leadership; and she ended by dismembering France, and imposing upon her what was then thought a crushing indemnity. Still, other things

being equal, numbers, of course, make one country greater than another, and the extraordinary increase in the population of the United Kingdom has unquestionably added to its importance in the scale of nations, and makes it able to carry out any policy that it may choose to devote its energies to; while it renders the voice of Great Britain of immense potency when it is really understood upon the Continent that England is in earnest. The fact, too, that England now so enormously outnumbers both Scotland and Ireland taken together adds to its importance, for, as we have said, England may, with very slight exaggeration, be now said to be the United Kingdom.

As regards the future, it would seem that the growth of population is now going on at an accelerated rate. Up to 1831 the increase was at the rate of about 14 per cent. during the ten years. Then there was a falling off in the rate until 1851, when the increase was barely 2½ per cent. during the decade. Since then there has been a gradual and steady increase in the rate, until, as we have seen, in the past ten years, it has reached 10·68 per cent. These variations are partly due to the changes in the condition of Ireland. From the time that remissions of the penal laws began up to the great potato famine the population of Ireland grew at a marvellously rapid rate. It is supposed to have nearly doubled in about sixty years, although, of course, there being no accurate statistics, the fact cannot be verified. But it seems certain that in the middle of last century the population of Ireland was under three millions, and, as we have seen, in 1841 it exceeded eight millions. Since 1841, as we have already pointed out, the population of Ireland has been rapidly diminishing, the great diminution taking place between 1847 and 1851, and there being also a very considerable decrease between 1851 and 1861. During the past twenty years the decrease has been much less, and, consequently, the growth of population in Great Britain has more perceptibly made itself felt. But, as will be remarked from the figures just given, the rate of growth even now is much less than it was before 1831, when the population of Ireland was advancing with such enormous strides. Throughout the whole of the eighty years since censuses began to be taken we have already shown that the population of Great Britain has steadily increased, the growth, indeed, for the whole of England, Wales, and Scotland taken together being little short of threefold, and, apparently, it is going on as rapidly at present as it ever has gone on. Should the Land Bill result in giving contentment to the Irish people, and should it consequently stimulate industrial progress, it is probable that the next ten years will see a considerable addition to the Irish population. If so, we may expect a still more rapid increase when the next census is taken. The population of Ireland is now almost exclusively agricultural. Were large industries of any kind to grow up, the towns would rapidly increase, and the population of Ireland in a short time would probably double itself. In Scotland and in England, on the contrary, the population is almost entirely urban; the rural population is steadily decreasing, and has been decreasing for a great many years. It is in the large towns and the counties where mining and other great industries are carried on that the growth is most manifest. And there is every symptom that in these the causes now acting will continue to operate. In a country like the United Kingdom the causes tending to increase or diminish population are partly internal and partly external. When trade is brisk at home, employment ample, and wages high, population necessarily tends to increase. But, on the contrary, when trade is depressed, marriages are diminished, and emigration is stimulated. Emigration from the United Kingdom, however, is mainly to the United States, and emigration to the United States is determined by the degree of prosperity at the other side of the Atlantic. From the time of the Irish potato famine up to 1873 there was, with very few and short intermissions, a strong demand always existing for British and Irish labour, and the tide of emigration flowed, therefore, steadily and largely to the United States. The panic of 1873 suspended that emigration to a large extent. There was a return flow of British and Irish settlers in the United States until the immigration into the United Kingdom nearly equalled the emigration from it. But with the revival of prosperity in the United States two years ago, emigration again actively set in, and every day it is assuming larger and larger proportions. Should the prosperity of the United States continue, and should at the same time trade remain slack here at home, and wages low, this activity of emigration will, no doubt, continue, and the growth of population in consequence will be somewhat hindered. But if, on the contrary, we have a series of good harvests, trade becomes good, and prosperity expands, while at the other side of the Atlantic prosperity diminishes, we shall again see immigration into the United Kingdom nearly equalling emigration therefrom, and, consequently, population will grow with augmented rapidity.

Coming now for a moment to the details of the Census, we find that the population of London is 3,814,571, being a net increase of 563,311 since 1871. The population of London thus exceeds the population of the whole of Scotland by about 80,000. Next to London, the greatest English town is Liverpool. Of the other municipal boroughs, Birmingham comes next, then Manchester, and then Leeds. Within the metropolis there is on an average 95½ square yards to every human being. Of the English counties eight have fallen off in numbers—Cambridge, Cornwall, Dorset, Hereford, Huntingdon, Rutland, and Westmoreland. Of the other counties, Lancashire shows the greatest increase—634,750. Yorkshire comes next with 449,954, and Middlesex outside the metropolis next; then Surrey, and then in order Durham, Kent,



Stafford, Essex, and Warwick. The following seven counties—Buckingham, Devon, Norfolk, Oxford, Suffolk, Somerset, and Wilts—have increases of less than 10,000 each. For the whole of England and Wales the density of the population is now about 440 persons to the square mile. At the last census it was only about 390 to the square mile, being an increase in the ten years of 50 to the square mile. Furthermore, the average area to each person is now 1,437 acres, or 6,955 square yards. These figures show that England is rapidly becoming a congeries of towns. The population is drifting from the rural districts to the industrial centres, and in these is becoming so vast and dense that the average area for each head of the population is little greater than in many foreign towns.

#### RECENT MUSIC.

MR. MAPLESON'S novelty, *Il Rinnegato*, by Baron Bodog d'Orczy, was produced, under the conductorship of the composer, at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday last. It seems to be the misfortune of modern composers that they cannot find libretti of dramatic interest to set their music to. Recently we had to deplore the absurdity of the text of *Il Demonio*, and we are sorry to say that that of *Il Rinnegato* is not much better. The hero is perhaps the greatest villain that ever stepped the operatic stage, and, to our mind, one of the most uninteresting of his class. He has scarcely a point to recommend him, and, indeed, exhibits more attributes of the brute than of the human being. The heroine is an insipid young female, who is betrothed to a nonentity; while Verböczy, the Governor of Hungary, and others are not remarkable for anything they have to say or do. Irma, the mother of "Il Rinnegato," is perhaps the most interesting character in the opera, and has some of the best music allotted to her. The plot is taken from a novel by Baron Keming, and the original libretto was compiled by Farkas Deak, while the Italian version has been supplied by Signor Marchesi, and the English by Mr. Corder. It may be that, under these circumstances, the text has suffered considerably; but, apart from this, we can hardly imagine that the subject could inspire a composer to undertake the task of setting it to music with any enthusiasm.

At the time when the opera begins the Hungarians are under Turkish rule, and we are informed that they have been called to a crusade against their rulers by their Queen Isabella. The curtain rises upon a beautiful scene representing the fortress of Buda, with the Hungarian soldiers encamped outside. The soldiers sing a warlike chorus, whilst Barnabas, "Il Rinnegato," sits gloomily aside. He is desperately in love it appears with Dora, the daughter of the Governor Verböczy, and has joined the army in the hopes of gaining distinction and thereby winning her love. He is prepared to go to greater lengths, as soon appears. After singing a drinking song, which seems more to his liking than the patriotic chorus, he mentions the name of Dora, whereupon Elemér, her betrothed, rushes forward and abuses him most heartily, on which this cowardly wretch merely asks pardon of his rival, and is contemptuously told not to mention the young lady's name again. Elemér is about to depart with a petition to the Sultan, praying him to relieve the Hungarians from the rule of the arrogant Pacha Selim and his followers. Verböczy now enters with the Archbishop Serafino, who prays the Governor not to seek redress from the Sultan, or have any dealings with the Turks. Verböczy, however, quiets Serafino's alarms, and Dora, Irma, and Elemér enter. This gives an opportunity to every one to explain the reason why they happen to be there, to Dora to say farewell to Elemér, and to Barnabas to inform his mother of his undying love for Dora and equal hatred for Elemér. Shortly after all retire except Barnabas, who, after a few bars of soliloquy, becomes aware of the presence of the Pacha Selim and Omar his lieutenant. These persons, in a curiously short space of time, working upon his mad love for Dora, persuade Barnabas to turn Mussulman, which is effected by his tearing the cross off his breast and donning the Turkish turban, which is presented by some young girls who have come to assist in the ballet that now takes place.

The second act passes in a room in Verböczy's house. Irma is mourning for her husband, who has been burnt as a sorcerer, when Barnabas, her son, suddenly appears in Turkish costume to visit her. This scene, in which the mother expresses her horror at her son's behaviour in abjuring his faith, and the son his inexpressible hatred for the murderers of his father and his desire for revenge, is among the best parts of the work. Barnabas learns from his mother Verböczy's plans, and exults over this opportunity for revenge. Irma, thinking her son mad, tries to soothe him, and leads him away, when Dora enters, grieving for her lover's departure, and sings a song that she once heard Elemér sing. Barnabas returns, unperceived by Dora, and listens to her song, but shortly after interrupts her. Not heeding her surprise at his appearance, he proceeds to declare his love for her, which she indignantly repels, and on the approach of Verböczy, Elemér, and others, he retires, vowing vengeance. After a chorus the act concludes with a Hungarian, as the former one did with a Turkish ballet.

The town of Buda is the scene of the third act. Barnabas is engaged in laying an ambush to destroy Elemér, who is about to start on his journey to Constantinople. From some cause or other he is seized with remorse, which is quickly dispelled by the ap-

pearance of his dead father accompanied by flames. He tries to speak to him, but gets no answer from the ghost except a motion of the hand towards the church, in which some ceremony is evidently going on as it is brilliantly lighted up. A miracle ensues, for the walls of the church open and disclose Dora and Elemér at the altar, with the priest giving them the nuptial benediction. Barnabas, maddened, rushes towards them and falls senseless, and the walls close up again. Upon his recovery, which is only just in time, Elemér comes out on his journey, when the Turks surround him and his party; and, while Selim engages Elemér, Barnabas stabs him in the back. Dora, upon hearing the noise of arms, rushes out, and Barnabas attempts to carry her off. Foiled in this, he endeavours to kill her; but she takes refuge in the church, at the entrance of which he is stopped from following her by the appearance of the abbe holding a cross and attended by some nuns. Barnabas, overcome with remorse, tears the turban off his head and sinks on his knees, while the interior of the church again becomes visible, and shows Dora taking the veil and angels above rejoicing at the conversion of Barnabas. The Turks entering and seeing Barnabas on his knees, as the argument tersely puts it, "surround and strangle him as the curtain falls."

It would hardly be fair on a first hearing to speak either in praise or condemnation of Baron Bodog d'Orczy's music to this libretto. The overture seems to us a musicianly piece of work, and some numbers, notably the scene between Barnabas and Irma, beginning "Vieni, oh figlio," in the first act, the temptation of Barnabas by the Turks, and Irma's soliloquy and subsequent scene with her son in the second act, were very fine. Baron d'Orczy has succeeded to some extent in reproducing some of Herr Wagner's mannerisms, though we cannot say that his work struck us as possessing any of the real spirit of the great German master. It is true that he employs the "leit motif," and his orchestration at times is as full and complicated as Herr Wagner's; but he admits elements into his work which Herr Wagner would not tolerate. As we said before, however, a second hearing is required before we can speak definitely upon the subject.

To the performance generally every praise should be given. In spite of the difficulties of the music, and they are considerable, the artists showed themselves willing to act and sing to the best of their abilities. The choruses, it is true, were distressingly flat, but this was due as much to the composer as to the singers, for he has taxed their powers, we think, unduly. In the first chorus the tenor part is one of extreme difficulty, and has to be sung in the highest register of the voice, and certainly it could not be expected that the chorus at Her Majesty's should do justice to such a part. Mlle. Juch played Dora, and though she is young and inexperienced as yet, she showed a praiseworthy desire to command success, and gained an encore in the Hungarian song in the ballet. Mme. Tremelli, as Irma, declaimed with great effect the two scenes we have already referred to. Signor Ravelli's Elemér suffered from the fact that he was not quite at home in his part, and Signor Novara seemed severely handicapped by hoarseness. As Barnabas Signor Galassi showed that both in voice and style he was quite competent to undertake the declamatory music with which this work abounds, while Signor Runcio proved useful as the Archbishop. Had it not been for his promptness a serious fire might have taken place, when a part of the scenery, in sympathy with the ghost, burst into flame. To Mme. Katti Lanner is due great praise for the tasteful arrangements of the ballets, and Mme. Cavalazzi's graceful dancing was such as we have not often had the good fortune to see. The orchestra, under the excellent conductorship of the composer, performed the intricate music with much success.

In the latest performance of *Mefistofele* at this theatre there was a marked improvement in the chorus. Signor Campanini was not at his best, but Signor Nannetti was; and Mme. Nillson almost surpassed herself by the beauty of her acting and singing. The exquisite duet in the *Sabba Classico* gained by the substitution of Mlle. Tremelli for Mlle. de Belocca as Pantalès. Each fresh hearing of the work seems to reveal new beauties of intention and of execution on the composer's part.

At the Gaiety Theatre the Renaissance Company have been playing Offenbach's last work, *Belle Lurette*. The libretto, the work of no less than three authors, is perhaps more absurd than that of most opera-bouffes. A certain Duke, to spite an old aunt, marries a pretty laundress, Belle Lurette, but deserts her immediately. Lurette takes herself off to her former companions, and makes merry with them, when she is discovered by her husband, whose sense of decency is shocked at seeing his Duchess enjoying herself in such low company. After mutual recriminations, the Duke falls violently in love with his wife, and all ends happily. This, with the usual comic business between a confidential servant of the Duke and the head laundress, as well as that between some soldiers and the remainder of the laundresses, make up the whole plot. There are also three lovers of Belle Lurette, who make their advances in company, who are evidently representatives of the French version of the "utter" school of æsthetes. The music to *Belle Lurette* differs little from that of M. Offenbach's later operas, though occasionally the old style of the composer of *Orphée aux Enfers* and *La Belle Héloïse* makes itself conspicuous. This happens especially in Lurette's charming "Faut-il ainsi nous maudire?" and the ronde "Collette sur le lavoir." In "Au borde du Danube bleu" M. Offenbach has utilized the subject of Strauss's waltz, which, to judge by the applause with which it was greeted, was as much appreciated as any part of the opera. The refined coquetry of Mlle. Jeanne

Granier as the heroine, and the inimitable humour of M. Jolly as the Duke's confidential servant, were beyond praise; while M. Alexandre as Campistrel, and Mlle. Milly Meyer as Marcelline, supported their parts with success.

#### THE THEATRES.

AS the period of their stay in London draws to a close the Saxe-Meiningen company have much slackened their enterprise in presenting new plays. Since the 4th of the month they have given only one, P. A. Wolff's romantic piece in four acts, *Preciosa*. This was, indeed, doubly a novelty, for it was spoken of as an opera, though that was scarcely an accurate translation of the German title, which describes it as a play with singing—"ein Schauspiel mit Gesang." The singing was confined to one solo, a few choruses, and some incidental music, which differed more in quality than quantity from what accompanies many melodramas. The piece must depend, and must have been meant from the first to depend, for its interest on its merits as an acting play. The story of *Preciosa* is one of the very large class which have for heroine or hero the child of wealthy parents, stolen and brought up among gipsies, a story which has been used on the stage for innumerable pieces. Wolff's version is only remarkable for being based on the *Jitanilla* of Cervantes, one of the many short tales written by the author of *Don Quixote*. He has laid the story in Spain, kept the names or changed them very little, and followed the incidents tolerably closely. Having to confine himself within narrower limits than his original, and keep the number of his characters within bounds, Wolff has naturally been compelled to reject much that is to be found in the *Jitanilla*. The playwright cannot dispose of the story-teller's ample and elastic space. Unfortunately, the German writer has so managed his rejections that he has been compelled to introduce something of his own into the story to supply the necessary machinery for bringing it to an end. In Cervantes's tale the discovery of *Preciosa*'s parentage is brought about in a sufficiently simple manner as the consequence of a chance fray, in which her noble lover, who follows her in disguise, has forgotten, under provocation, that he is a gipsy, and run a soldier, who has insulted him, through the body. He is imprisoned, the troop in danger, and *Preciosa* in despair, when the "gipsy-mother" of the party saves them all by revealing to the corregidor the secret that the beautiful gipsy girl, whose lover is in peril of his neck, is his Excellency's long-lost daughter. This ending probably seemed much too artless to Wolff, and he has complicated it by making *Preciosa*'s lover draw his sword—he does no more—on her brother. He has then introduced several incidents for the mere purpose of making effective scenes, and is very far from being generally successful in producing them. There is in particular one scene which trenches very closely on being ridiculous as well as superfluous. *Preciosa* comes into the yard of the castle in which her lover is imprisoned, looking for means to bring about his escape, and is followed by the gipsy captain, who tries to persuade her to come away and leave her lover to his fate. The worthy captain is otherwise in great trouble, for he has at a very late moment discovered that the castle is the home of *Preciosa*'s father. Under stress of his strong desire to escape from so doubly dangerous a neighbourhood the captain tries to drag the unwilling *Preciosa* away; but she suddenly gets hold of a fowling-piece left neglected in a corner, and hunts the villain round the stage till he promises to help her to save her imprisoned lover. Nothing, however, comes of this feat, as the deliverance is finally effected by other means, the confession of Viarda, the "gipsy mother," and the unexpected arrival of Don Francisco de Cárcamo, the prisoner's father.

Wolff has not only taken his story from a Spanish writer, but has also closely imitated the metres and style of the Spanish dramatists. The play is written in a mixture of full rhymes and assonants in short lines of varying length, such as are very commonly found in the earlier Spanish comedies, which he has followed in the tone and the metaphors to be found in some passages of his play. There is a soliloquy by Don Alfonso de Cárcamo, *Preciosa*'s lover, in the seventh scene of the second act, full of conceits about his mistress, the stars and the night, the thorns and the rose, the diamond and the bosom of the earth, which not improbably has its original in some of the innumerable comedies of the seventeenth century, or else is an uncommonly clever imitation of their manner. The whole piece shows so intimate a familiarity with Spanish literature that it is surprising to find Wolff committing the common and gross mistake of putting the title of Don before the surnames of his characters, and talking about Don Cárcamo and Don Contreras, which would be more ludicrous to a Spaniard than Sir Northcote would be to us, for they have not our custom of using surnames for Christian names.

But, though Wolff has taken his plot from Cervantes and his style from Lope de Vega, the spirit of his work is wholly German. It is full of sentiment and sensibility. The gipsies, who in Cervantes's tale are lifelike rogues and vagabonds, loving the highroads and the wild hillside because they can escape there from order and the necessity for regular work, become in Wolff's play natural philosophers enamoured of the beauties of nature, and interested in the rights of man. It is hard to realize how such mild-mannered men, even when in rags, could bring themselves to rob a roost. *Preciosa* is also translated from the Spaniard's brave,

proud, and self-reliant child of nature, kept pure amid her evil surroundings by her instinctive shrinking from everything that is base, into a sentimental German maiden, apt to indulge at critical moments in what a cynical spirit might describe as twaddle.

All that can fairly be asked of the actors in so unreal a play as *Preciosa* is that they should be picturesque and vivacious, and should not offend by rant or awkwardness. The members of the Saxe-Meiningen Company who take part in *Preciosa* deserve, as a rule, the credit of having come up to this modest standard. Herr Arndt, who appears to be by far the most unequal member of the company, gave a rough and noisy rendering of the part of Alfonso, but he was an exception. There were only two pieces of acting which seem to us to call for particular notice. The one is to be put to the credit of Herr Teller, who took the part of Don Francisco de Cárcamo. In the third act there is a scene in which he recognizes his son in the offending gipsy whom he has cheerfully undertaken to see properly punished for his insolence in drawing sword on a gentleman. The situation gave him a good opportunity, and Herr Teller took it. The other actor who left a lively impression was Herr Hassel, in the part of Pedro, a bragging coward, who has lost a leg in a "great retreat," and dates everything from that event. But though we appreciated Herr Hassel's acting, and have a grateful remembrance of his Sir Toby Belch, we must protest in the interest of his own company and the reputation they enjoy for doing artistic work, against the quantity and the quality of the "gag" which he introduced into his part. In other respects the company did not show their usual finish in the presentation of the play. The splendid and picturesque dresses were not accurate. The nobles wore the costumes of Lewis XIV.'s Court, not the Spanish dress of the seventeenth century. The peasantry were not more accurate. Though the story passes in Castile and Valencia, their dresses were Andalusian, and appeared to have been copied from the drawings of Goya.

If eight well-meaning gentlemen who had had a little practice in a man-of-war cutter were suddenly to undertake to show Oxford how to manage a racing outrigger, what would be the comments of the University? Would the fact that they employed a more experienced coxswain atone for the rawness of the oars? We think Mr. Benson would have done well to turn some such question as this over in his mind before he attempted to play Romeo at the Imperial Theatre, and his supporters—notably Mr. Dunn, who took the equally difficult part of Mercutio—would have benefited by sharing this discipline. Acting is an art, and whatever a man's natural gifts may be he can only attain to skill in it by long and arduous training—a truism which the mind of the amateur has not yet apparently grasped. It is one thing to perform a Greek play, and another to play the most difficult of all Shakspeare's dramas. There is no merit in attempting so arduous a task without proper training, and the amateurs who do so in public are not entitled to any milder judgment than would be passed on professional players. It must be said of Mr. Benson and his friends at the Imperial that they were, as a company, signally below the high level required for their work. Mr. Benson himself looked picturesque as long as he was not moving, and hespoke clearly, but he was constrained and tame in his gestures. The expression of his face varied little, and was generally that of a man who has a suppressed inclination to laugh at himself. He took the "measure of an unmade grave" as if he were afraid of hurting himself by the fall. The Mercutio showed an equal want of training and, apparently, of any natural faculty for acting. Much the best acting was shown in the minor parts of Benavoglio and Tybalt. Mr. Gordon as the former though he at times seemed to have some difficulty in keeping his balance, was generally natural and dignified. Mr. Ward as Tybalt acted with real intelligence. The sneer and contemptuous wave of the hand with which he turned to his followers when Romeo declines his challenge were well conceived and cleverly executed. Miss Kenney was overweighed by her part, but the ease and self-possession of her movements should show her fellow-actors how necessary is professional training.

It is, above all things, necessary that actors who aspire to give us a rendering of the eighteenth-century comedy should be well bred. Now, as the company at the Olympic are wanting in grace and ease of bearing, it is obvious that their performance of *She Stoops to Conquer* must be unsatisfactory. Miss Marie de Grey shows spirit and intelligence, but they are of the kind which would find their field in domestic melodrama. Marlow and Hastings acted their comedy as if it was farce, and Mr. C. W. Somerset played the former part as if it was very low farce indeed. In his first meeting with Miss Hardcastle he showed nothing but the tiresome clumsiness of a lout. Mr. Righton's Tony Lumpkin was a lout and nothing else. Mrs. Chippendale's acting as Mrs. Hardcastle was firm and intelligent, and Mr. Chippendale might still be usefully taken as a model by his fellow-actors in many respects.

By a curious inversion or confusion of language, Mr. Booth has been represented, in an account coming from America, and lately published, as having found "the stage-management" of the Lyceum, as it would seem from the context, "so bad as to be frightful;" while "the direction of the theatre generally was not what it ought to be." Now, it is tolerably well known that Mr. Booth was, on the contrary, even enthusiastic in his praise of Mr. Irving's management, both of the stage and of the theatre generally. It should be added that the same account contains the highest praise of Mr. Irving.



## FRANCO-AMERICAN GRAPES.

WE have received from the Duchesse de Fitz-James an explanation of the apparent inconsistency in her valuable article on the culture of American vines in France which we noticed in our issue of June 25. In commenting on it, we observed that the Duchess's statement that, if a French vine were grafted on an American stock, it would transform the roots of the latter and give them what may be called phylloxera-resisting qualities, was not altogether in harmony with another part of the article, in which she said that the stock would remain the same even when "nourri de la sève descendante d'une autre espèce que la sienne." The Duchess now explains that, though "experience and reason forbid planting young vines in the unhealthy neighbourhood of decaying roots," "the economical situation created by the phylloxera" makes her "give advice contrary to that principle"; and she goes on to say that when an American scion is grafted on a French vine as deep as possible, the latter is gradually starved, "as the young American roots standing between the old root and the leaves will rob the former of the sap sent down by the latter." There is some little danger in the process, but this is well worth facing, as grafting only condemns the vine-grower to the loss of one year's vintage, whereas, if he digs up the diseased roots and plants afresh, he must be content to see his vineyard remain unproductive for eight years. With regard to the effect of grafting French vines on American stocks, the Duchess says that the grape produced will be entirely French, and not in the least American; and she quotes in support of her assertion a very great authority, Dr. Lacé, who has written on the "chimie des végétaux." We so devoutly trust that the Duchess may be right that we are not in the least inclined to argue the question whether there was or was not a slight apparent inconsistency between one portion of her former article and another in which she spoke of the effect of the *porte-greffe*. Of the substantial value of her contribution to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* there cannot be the smallest doubt, and claret-makers in France and claret-drinkers in England should alike be grateful to her for her earnest and persistent endeavour to stay the progress of the abominable parasite, and for her full explanation of the means by which possible destruction of the invaluable vineyards of France may be averted.

## REVIEWS.

## D'ALBERTIS'S NEW GUINEA.\*

SO little has been hitherto popularly known of the great island of New Guinea that not many years ago a Munchausen-like narrative of travels into the interior was palmed off upon the public without arousing much suspicion of its tale of marvels being but a clumsily concocted hoax. Scattered notices of the fauna of the island, more particularly of the varied and lovely birds exclusively found there, had been imparted to the public by Mr. Selater and Mr. Wallace; the chief authorities, however, for what was known of the rich avifauna having been the naturalists of the French circumnavigating expeditions and the collectors for the Leyden Museum. In the late Mr. Gould's magnificent series of folios we have had splendid illustrations of the most prominent and characteristic forms of Papuan ornithology. A German naturalist, Dr. A. B. Meyer, of Dresden, has within the last few years been engaged in exploring the shores of the great bay of Geelvink. The most complete and attractive summary of the ornithological wealth of this region is to be seen in the handsome quarto, to be followed by three or four similar volumes, recently brought out by Signor Tommaso Salvadori at Turin. For this admirable work the author has, besides consulting every existing authority, visited all the chief museums in Europe, making especial use of the great collection in the Museo Civico of Genoa, containing no less than 9,539 specimens. For this vast accumulation of material the chief credit is due to the enterprise and the enlightened activity of Signor D'Albertis, whose interesting book of travels we have now much pleasure in bringing to the notice of our readers.

Accompanied by Dr. Beccari, the well-known traveller and botanist, our author embarked at Genoa in November 1871, and, after some short intermediate excursions in Java and the Moluccas, was able on the 9th of April following to make in his journal the exultant entry, "A memorable day! At last I tread the mysterious land. At last, leaping on shore this morning, I exclaimed, We are in New Guinea!" No safe or convenient place of anchorage offering itself at Ootana, where the travellers first touched, they made sail for Salwattee, and for some time fixed their abode at Sorong, a small island at the north-western point of New Guinea, making frequent excursions into the interior. For some time D'Albertis stayed at the island village of Ramoi, where he nearly lost his life from a severe attack of fever and dropsy. In the excitement of shooting his first bird of paradise, a most beautiful male, July 24, he quite forgot the weakness which a moment before made him with difficulty drag his legs along. This was whilst in pursuit of a bird called the Pomatorhinus

Isidorii, which, he remarked, is in the habit of following the bird of paradise. This he thought might be due to the attraction of the bright plumage of the latter bird, but that he had also observed it follow the less brilliant female. As a naturalist he felt unable to explain the fact. His zeal and energy were rewarded by an unintermittent harvest of specimens, at the same time that he was treasuring up facts full of novelty and interest for the ethnologist. The habits, customs, and language of the Papuans offered a wide field for observation, to which our author shows himself throughout alive. His collection of implements, weapons, articles of dress and ornament, and objects of worship, the most characteristic of which are figured in well-drawn woodcuts, have about them many points of novelty, and speak well for the artistic skill and taste of the Papuans. These natives he found, as a rule, kindly, docile, and well-mannered. Having on his own part precisely those qualities which best fit a man for intercourse with savage races, he was able to elicit and to appreciate those inner and finer points of character which a less sympathetic or more superficial observer would fail to note. Had he gone among them in the character and with the temper of a scientific explorer he would in all probability have had far less success in this department of his enterprise. Whatever his book might have gained in the way of technical detail and in philosophic generalization would have been counterbalanced by a loss of warmth and simplicity of style, as well as of picturesqueness in his outlines of semi-civilized life. The result of his observations may disappoint the wishes of experts, being too vague and unsystematic to have much value for the professed ethnologist or comparative linguist. Nothing, for example, can well be more loose and unsystematic than the lists of words strung together at the end of his work. Here we have four vocabularies of native languages used by the people of Yule Island and Hall Sound, Mansinam and Hatam, Yorke Island in Torres Straits, and Moatta, at the mouth of the river Katav. Each list is differently arranged, and none in alphabetical order, so that the task of comparison or analysis is all but impossible. Nor does any definite or persistent scheme of transliteration seem to have been adopted. Something more should have been said about the very peculiar numerals of Yorke Island, wherein *warapon*, one, and *ukekar*, two, are employed in combination to express the higher figures up to seven, stopping at that point with *ukekar-ukekar*, *ukekar-warapon*. The Yule Island numerals are given clearly enough from *aia*, one, to *araukai*, ten, from which point we are carried on by repeating the digits as far as twenty, *araukai*, *araurua*, which words, strange to say, are made to stand equally for thirty without one word of explanation being vouchsafed. We might, indeed, make up a whole article out of the anomalies and errors with which the work abounds throughout, evincing an utter absence of proper editorial care and revision. Names of people, places, animals, and plants are spelt all sorts of ways. Orankaya (a village chief) appears elsewhere as Orankay and Oranhay. Daudai is changed to Dandai. Waigiu to Waigen and Waigen. Battanta to Battauta. Many errors doubtless crept in in the course of the translation of the work from the Italian, in which language it was originally written—a fact which we are, at the same time, left to find out for ourselves. The Italian spelling of scientific names has often been retained, greatly puzzling the English reader. Thus we get *Staphylinus* for *Staphylinus*, *Oloturia* for *Holothuria*, *Cicas* for *Cycas*. The familiar Maori appears as Mahori. The illustrations, good in themselves, are in many instances misplaced; and the figures attached to the several objects fail to correspond to the text.

In his accounts of the native races with whom he came in contact our author dwells far too much upon slight and superficial points of difference, as if mere varieties of feature, the growth of hair, the form of the skull, or colour of the eyes, could be taken as constituting radical distinctions of race. He is doubtless right in discriminating the too widely separate races which make up the bulk of the population. The most prominent of these is the well-marked Papuan type, which has this great island for its headquarters, the most radical examples being seen in the north-western peninsulas; though the term Papuan includes, in a broad sense, all the dark-skinned, crisp or woolly haired tribes of the Western Pacific. To the south-east we find, on the other hand, another race, with yellowish skin and smooth hair, called by our author Mahori, evidently Polynesians of the same race as the people of Samoa and New Zealand. In the Fly river and the country about it both of these are met with, as well as a mixed race, which he thinks likely to supplant them both. The lighter Maori race struck him as far more civilized than the dark Papuans. They live in perfect harmony, in communities of a thousand or more inhabitants, in well-built villages, orderly and cleanly, under the rule of chiefs or landowners. The headman is called Pacao, and his servant or subject is Irine. No signs were to be seen of slavery, or of the sale of human beings. Women are held in respect, and work fairly divided between the sexes. A special study is given us of Maino, chief of Moatta, a village at the mouth of the Fly River, a great friend of D'Albertis. His portrait indicates intelligence and resolution, and, if not studied too closely with European lenses, may be taken, as our author pleads, for a fair type of savage. His cruelty, which raises him in his own estimation and that of his people, comes from instinct rather than from education. He considers men and women, if they are strangers to him, good for nothing but to have their heads cut off. Up to the present time his victims number thirty-three, a moderation which we may set down to lack of opportunity rather than to slackness in acting up to his favourite rule. It is one of the proofs of our writer's fitness

\* *New Guinea: what I Did and what I Saw.* By L. M. D'Albertis, Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy, &c. 2 vols. With illustrations and a Map. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

to deal with savages that his head did not go to swell the number of trophies. A warrior who bravely attacked him, or a woman sleeping in the forest, would be to Maino exactly the same thing. He would see in each a trophy, a victory, and what he would esteem best would be their skulls. Far more attractive types, to our thinking, are Durabi, a native of Kiwai Island, at the mouth of the Fly River, and Fanduri, a Dorey Papuan, a truly noble savage, but for the grievous disfigurement of the stick thrust through the nose. Quampau and Oubingai are pleasing specimens of the women. Unluckily, the beautiful Eve of this paradise, the fair Albino, daughter of the Corano of Hatam, proved too restless for our traveller to take her portrait, though he tried five or six times. The darker type of Papuans struck him as identical with the true negro of Africa, inasmuch that on his return home he felt sure that were some of the Somali men among whom he was shipwrecked in the Red Sea transported to New Guinea, they might be mistaken for natives of that island, having the same receding forehead, aquiline nose, and moderately thick lips, with curly, but not woolly, hair. This is the type he called Arab when speaking of Moatta and Tawan, distinct in many respects from the negroes of Central and Southern Africa. The skulls collected by him exhibit specimens both of the extreme prognathous type and of the round, or brachycephalic, generally identified with the Polynesian race. Of these skulls he promises us a more critical discussion, which, to the end of his book, we fail to realize. Some notice from the hand of an expert is certainly needed if his collections of this kind are to gain as adequate a representation as the plants brought home by him have received from his fellow-traveller Becari in the Appendix, and the birds in the list furnished as a supplement thereto by M. Salvadori.

Apart from its manifest literary deficiencies and scientific shortcomings, Signor D'Albertis's work has much to recommend it. The author has all the love and the perception of nature, together with the vivid powers of description which give their charm to records of travel and adventure. His first volume, giving his experiences of Papua and its people on first touching the mainland, strikes us as the most pleasing, from its freshness and the variety of incidents embodied in it. The latter half of the volume is taken up with his voyage to Yule Island in 1875, and the second volume with his three successive explorations of the Fly River in 1875 and the two following years. His sketch map, though not adding much to the geography of this part of the Eastern Archipelago, gives an easy clue to his movements. In his exploratory trip up the River Fly he was greatly aided by the loan of the steam-launch *Neva* from the Governor of New South Wales, whereby he was not only borne swiftly against opposing currents and through floating obstacles, but enabled at times to run the gauntlet through crowds of hostile canoes and volleys of arrows from the river banks. In other ways beyond number modern science helped him over difficulties and dangers, spreading widely the impression of his magical skill and superhuman might. His command of the revolver often stood him in good stead. On his second journey he provided himself with a store of rockets and dynamite, of which he made effective use in frightening the natives and wielding over them an irresistible power. Once during his absence his house was entered, and a quantity of his goods pilfered. Calling together the native chiefs, he threatened, unless the stolen articles were brought back, to shoot every native who came within range of his house. Preparing for a siege, he next got ready some Orsini bombs, and mined with dynamite the paths leading to the house, having a long stick wherewith to explode the cartridges. After twenty-four hours, nothing having been brought back, he exploded five dynamite charges, let off several rockets towards the native houses, and lighted up his own house with Bengal fire. In fear and trembling the chief came in with five men, bringing in a considerable portion of the goods. A timely exhibition of his prowess with the revolver, and blowing to atoms with dynamite a large stone on which the chief had just been sitting, completed the spell, and almost everything was restored without further delay. At Yule Island he astonished the natives by dragging out from a hole in the rock a huge snake 13 feet long, judging from its size that it was not venomous. This monster he tamed, and kept it until its death, it having in the six months intervening twice cast its skin. The most characteristic and amusing instance of his cleverness and resource was his use of the aneroid. His porters, who had agreed for a fixed sum to take him to Hatam, stopped short at a little village, and said, "This is Hatam; pay us our wages." Knowing from the elevation, as well as the distance, that they were playing him false, he took his aneroid out of his pocket, and laying his finger on a point of the scale, said, "Here is Hatam; the thing tells me where it is"; explaining that when they got higher up the mountain the index would move, and when they got to Hatam would come to the point he had marked. For proof, he bade one of them carry the instrument up a small hill close by, telling them how the index would move one way and back again. This convinced them. Next day they went on to Hatam. Every man and woman, of course, wanted to see the little thing that told the white man where the most remote village was, and his reputation and personal safety were not a little enhanced as the wonderful tale got abroad.

Episodes of this sort enliven our author's narrative throughout, and though he cannot be said to add much to what Mr. Wallace

has told us of the physical history or the ethnography of the island, and though he fails to throw much new light into the geography of the interior, getting no more than a distant glimpse of the mysterious central mountains, his work is, notwithstanding, one which most readers will peruse with interest, and lay down with regret. A special charm, we would add, is given to the book by the style in which the more rare and attractive birds are drawn and coloured.

#### A ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.\*

CLOTHED in grey binding, mystic, wonderful, appears *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century*, a book with a misleading title, since it has in it no single touch of romance. It has instead a good deal of nauseous and quasi-religious sentimentality, a good deal of snobbishness, a good deal of "the height of fine writing," and a great deal of very unpleasant and very tedious suggestiveness. Suggestiveness is perhaps, however, not the correct word to use, inasmuch as the writer's clumsy method of indicating what he means not infrequently reminds one of the well-known saying concerning "single-entendres." The revolting character of what he has indicated is all the more revolting because he has ineffectively attempted to put a glaze of attraction over nasty things. M. Feuillet in a nightmare might have dreamt of what is here aimed at; but, if M. Feuillet had written down his nightmare by way of ridding his memory of it, the record could not have contained the offence which is found in most of the pages of *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century*. The book, indeed, is redolent of every kind of offence against ordinary taste and ordinary intelligence, and what may be thought the worst of these offences lie in the semi-pietistic jargon already referred to.

The hero of this production—we use the word in its purely conventional sense, for nothing less heroic than the whole crowd of senseless characters collected by the author can be imagined—is a certain Ralph Vernon, who is described in the first chapter as possessing an importance in the eyes of his friends and acquaintances which the author seems to think was not altogether unmerited. In the second chapter he writes an invitation to a friend of his to come to stay with him in his "beautiful southern solitude." One extract may serve as a taste of its quality:—"Then, too—though I will not dwell upon this here—were there a God to turn to, I could turn to Him in solitude. And now in the morning, as I awaken, I often turn to my pillow and kiss it, and say, 'No head but mine can ever dare to press you.' All the walls of my bedroom seem to smile kindly and quietly upon me." In the third chapter the writer introduces with abruptness, which is the reverse of adroit, a Duchess, whose title is never mentioned, and a personage named Lord Surbiton, who is a coarse daub made after a well-known deceased man of letters. The Duchess thinks the vulgarst thoughts and utters the vulgarst speeches conceivable; Lord Surbiton talks as the person for whom he seems to be meant might possibly have made one of his worst characters talk in his least happy mood. A certain Miss Walters, who has the air of a "Dea certe," appears in the incongruous atmosphere of a public *salon* at Monte Carlo, and a novelistic chance enables Vernon to drive her and her mother home. She seems cold and repellent for a time, but presently, arranging a cloak for this self-contained girl whom he has seen for the first time a few minutes before, Vernon "for a moment laid his hand upon hers, and asked, 'Are you warmer now?'" The look, the touch, formed a new crisis in their relationship, and they both grew aware of this by a new tone in their voices." The two presently find out that they are near neighbours. In the first conversation which they hold some remarkable things happen. About half-way through it (it is very long, and not very attractive) Vernon speaks thus:—"I might perhaps have thought you were a saint already, if it were not for one reason." Miss Walters answers:—"And what reason is that?" And he replies:—"Do I venture to tell you, I wonder? It is entirely a subjective reason. Well, it is this. If I knew that you would never know it, or that, knowing it, you would forgive or forget it, I feel quite sure that I should touch your lips with mine." At the end of this talk

Her hand was in his. He held it, and it was not withdrawn from him. Here again there was a sharp, distinct struggle in him. Should he do something, or should he forbear from doing it? Impulse urged him one way; conscience, with clear voice, the other: and in a few seconds again conscience yielded. Nearer and nearer to himself he drew his fair companion. She, as if spell-bound, offered no resistance. Presently he was sensible of the warmth of her face close to him; a moment more, and he had done what he said he longed to do; he had kissed her on her said, proud lips.

The touch recalled her to herself. "Go," she said, "go! You don't know what it is you are doing to me." And without another look she was gone.

After these things seem to get a little mixed, if we may borrow a convenient phrase. Vernon is, or thinks he is, or thinks he is not, in love with Miss Walters, and gives evidence of this state of mind by "carrying on"—to use no stronger term—with a third or fifth-rate married woman, with whom he has formerly flirted in London. In this way they converse together:—

\* *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century*. By W. H. Mallock, Author of "The New Republic," &c. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.



"If you were nice," she said presently, "you'd ask me to stop and dine with you. If the others wouldn't wait for me, I don't see why I should go hurrying after them."

"Very well," said Vernon, still smiling down at her. She pulled a peacock's feather from a vase beside her, and began to touch his face with it. As she continued looking at him, he felt he was becoming magnetised. His face was drawn down to hers, and once more he kissed her. "Naughty boy!" she murmured, patting his cheek tenderly. Vernon now felt as if a net had been thrown over him—a net of the coarsest kind, and yet he could not escape from it. "Don't you think you're a naughty boy?" she went on after a moment's silence; and then contemplating him, she uttered his Christian name. "Ralph," she said. "That's what you're called, isn't it? Ralph—little Ralphie—is that what Miss Walters calls you?"

A shadow at this juncture flitted across the window. Vernon sprang from his seat, Mrs. Crane recovered herself like an expert, and her husband, a few seconds after, was ushered into the library.

We also hear a good deal of a certain Colonel Stapleton, a conventional kind of scoundrel, who has "swimming eyes," and a great deal of courage and no conscience, and who talks to Cynthia Walters with a familiarity which is certainly offensive, although he has known her since she was a child. It is characteristic, however, of the author's lack of skill that this utter scoundrel is, as presented, perhaps the least offensive figure in the book, because he is at least consistent and possible. He says to her, for instance, "My dear girl, are you an utter, absolute idiot? What the Devil's the good of my coming, if you've got that confounded parson with you?" This sentence ends the first volume. In the second we have the foolish and unreal Vernon in the same stage as before of semi-religious melancholia, complicated with a decided passion for Cynthia Walters. They talk some nauseous rubbish together, and in one interview, "My own one," she said, "I love you," and still holding him, and almost in the same breath, "You must pay me," she said, "for having told you that. Kiss me—kiss me on the mouth, and say that you love me, too." After this they have a quarrel, and, after that, "Vernon returned to his house in a state verging on stupor. He found his late breakfast waiting for him, among the dishes of which was a mayonnaise of lobster; and the very sight of it turned him sick." No detail, it will be observed, is beneath the notice of a true artist. Upon this follows an assignation at ten in the evening, when Miss Walters tells, or rather hints to, Vernon what, but for his being a very stupid man, he would long ago have found out—that she has not only been no better, but has been a very great deal worse, than she should have been. So densely stupid is he, however, even then, that to convey to him anything like the full significance of the situation, she has to resort to the device of producing a volume of indecent photographs which one of her former friends has sent to her as a polite attention. After this singularly invented incident the plot and the manner of its narration go maundering on, neither better nor worse than they have gone maundering on before. Vernon not unnaturally finds that there are other interesting things in life besides Cynthia Walters, although, with a consistent fatuity, he seems still to regard her as a sort of injured saint. After her curious relation to him of how Colonel Stapleton first took a base advantage of the intimate relations which he had with her family, Vernon indulges in some feeble-forcible blasphemies about the Colonel, which he repeats with many variations at a later stage of the book. A correspondence is still carried on between Vernon and Cynthia, in the course of which she hints, with a self-knowledge that is not too common, that, unless he is on the spot to prevent it, she will probably "go wrong" again. They meet finally at a fancy ball, where she appears as a "snowdrop," and he as a Spanish pedlar. She gives him an assignation, which he misses by some minutes, when she tells him that he is "too late," and proceeds to inform him, with remarkable frankness and in equally remarkable language, that Colonel Stapleton has resumed his sway over her. The Colonel passes by, Vernon rushes at him, and there is a silly melodramatic ending to one of the least deserving or entertaining books ever written. The work is, indeed, a curious hodge-podge of would-be smartness, real coarseness, and hysterical sentimentality. To denounce it for being unwholesome, impossible, and as gross in conception as it is clumsy in execution, might be to accord to it an importance which it does not deserve. It has one failing which from any point of view is unforgivable. It is desperately dull.

#### CRANES AND PHEASANTS.\*

FOR a lucid account of the sixteen or seventeen species of those singular migrants, the crane family, no abler monograph exists than the late Mr. E. Blyth's contribution to the *Field* newspaper in 1873; and it is but just to Professor Newton to add that it is to a note to his own masterly article "Crane" in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* that we owe Mr. Tegetmeier's edition of this monograph, enriched with such valuable contributions as justify the addition of his name to the title-page and give untold weight to the novel matter now indicated in square brackets. Reinforced by such aid as that of

Mr. P. L. Slater, Professors Newton and Flower, Mr. Harting and Mr. Waterhouse, he has fortified the few weak points of Mr. Blyth by a number of corrections, such as the excision of the title "regulorum," formerly attributed, without foundation, to the "Southern Crowned Crane," whose proper title is "*Balearia chrysopelargus*"; and has amassed a store of interesting detail, which cannot fail to make Mr. Tegetmeier's present work a valuable volume. Unmistakable as is the crane in its distinct character, the heron is credited with its name in Ireland and the Scottish highlands; whilst in North and South America, Australia, and New Zealand the white egret-herons (currently known as "paddy birds" in India) are styled cranes; and the great adjutant stork is misnamed the gigantic crane, a misnomer akin to that which calls the white and sandhill cranes of North America white and sandhill storks; and in Australia knows the only crane of the country chiefly as the "Native Companion." The etymology is clearly traceable to the loud trumpeting cries which the birds of this group are noted for emitting (*cf. adras* or *adras*); the Indian appellations with *Grus* and *yéparos*; and the crane's power of emitting these peculiar and sonorous notes is said to be due to the formation of the trachea, which, on leaving the lower end of the neck, passes back between the branches of the furcula, and is received into a hollow space in the keel of the breast-bone, as in the "trumpeter group of swans." This structure appears marked in the case of the common crane (*Grus communis*), the familiar type of the series, but is not found at all in the crowned crane (*Balearia*), or, except slightly and feebly, in the Asiatic white crane (*G. leucogeranus*).

In all recorded time the crane of one species or another has been found almost everywhere according to season, "excepting in South America, the Malayan and Papuan archipelagos, and the scattered isles of the Pacific." The common European species (*G. communis* or *cinerea*), one of the largest of wading birds, lived numerously in the fenny counties of England, until driven out by drainage and over-population; but it is still plentiful in summer in the north of Scandinavia, in Finland, and thence eastward; and this species of crane is perhaps most numerous in furthest Asia, six or seven at least being met with eastward of Lake Baikal. Some of the northern species extend their migrations to within the Arctic circle. Full of interest, chiefly as a thing of the past, is the attested gastronomical delicacy of the crane family, as to which an acute observer quoted by Mr. Tegetmeier adduces his testimony that grain-fed cranes are delicious, regarding that fact as the clue to the favour shown to crane's flesh in season in the Indian bazaars, as well as their comparative price beside birds for the table, such as pheasants in the time of our ancestors. In the Northumberland Household Book (1512 A.D.) "cranyas" are charged XVI<sup>d</sup> a pece, and Fesauntes XII<sup>d</sup> a pece. We learn from this Monograph too (p. 10) that the Stanley Crane of South Africa, and in India the white-necked stork and Oriental white ibis are sometimes styled beefsteak birds, from a resemblance their flavour suggests to the "Anglo-Indian gourmand." From the same peculiarities of food probably the *Grus virgo* or *Demoiselle* crane ranks as a game bird inferior to none in India, not excepting the Bustard or Florikan. It must suffice to borrow from Professor Newton a succinct sketch of the crane's aerial and migratory journeys, which are of wide extent, "as on its way from beyond the borders of the Tropic of Cancer to within the Arctic Circle, or on the return voyage, its flocks may be descried passing overhead at a marvellous height or halting for rest on meadows bordering some great river, while the seeming order with which its ranks are marshalled in flight has long attracted attention. The crane takes up its winter quarters under the burning suns of Central Africa and India, but early in spring returns northward. Not a few examples reach the chill polar soils of Lapland and Siberia, but some tarry in Southern Europe and breed in Spain, and it is supposed in Turkey. The greater number, however, occupy the intermediate zone and pass the summer in Russia, N. Germany, and Scandinavia. Soon after their arrival in these countries the flocks break up into pairs, whose nuptials are proclaimed by loud trumpeting, and their respective breeding-places selected." (*Encycl. Brit.*, p. 546 a. b. vol. vi.) As for the nest, it is built with little art on the open marsh in low herbage, fairly dry. The eggs are mostly two, sometimes three in number, but rarely is more than one bird reared. This is certainly the case with the Asiatic white crane, the *Grus Antigone*, and the *G. leucogeranus*, close and accurate watchers of their young. It is one characteristic of the young of the crane to run soon after being hatched, and though at first covered with a tawny down, to assume the grey plumage of the parents and the clear black white and red of head and neck in the course of the first summer. Mr. Tegetmeier, in a bracket in p. 13 (Monograph), would seem to endorse Professor Newton's view that the cranes have but a superficial resemblance to the Ardeide or herons, and form a somewhat isolated group of closer though still remote kin to the bustards. In the present day cranes "inhabit all the great zoogeographical regions of the earth, except the neotropical" (see *Encycl. Brit. Art.* "Crane"), and at least fifteen species are discriminated, exclusively of Schlegel's crane and *Grus fraterculus*, very doubtful simulants of *Grus canadensis*. *Cf. Monog.* pp. 78, 79. In Europe, besides the common crane of Europe and Asia generally (which also visits N.-E. Africa in winter), a wide-ranging migrant in its season is the *Demoiselle* crane (*G. virgo*), loosely called "Numidian," the smallest, most elegant, and familiarly known of the species, distinguishable from all others by its long white ear-tufts, nearly

\* *The Natural History of the Cranes.* A Monograph. By the late E. Blyth, C.M.Z.S. Greatly enlarged, with numerous illustrations, by W. B. Tegetmeier, F.Z.S. London: Horace Cox. 1881.

*Pheasants; their Natural History and Practical Management.* By W. B. Tegetmeier, F.Z.S. Second Edition, greatly enlarged. Illustrated with Full-Page Engravings Drawn from Life. London: Horace Cox. 1881.

meeting at the nape, and bright vermilion irides. Widely distributed in Asia and Africa, this crane is shown to have strayed to Orkney (Monog. p. 27). It is noted as occurring in immense flocks, during the cold season, on the banks of large rivers, with the Indian or European crane, to which it is similar in food and habits. Four other species not frequenting Europe inhabit the east of the Palearctic region, namely, *Grus Antigone*, *G. japonensis*, *G. monachus*, and *G. leucogeranus*, the last of these the finest of the family, with plumage almost entirely of snow-white. The name of the first of these is set right by Mr. Tegetmeier in one of his brackets, and represents the white-naped crane of North Asia, a noble species, resembling in much the wattled crane of South Africa, though without a trace of that bird's special characteristic. This white-naped crane is the sacred crane of the Japanese, so familiar to modern eyes in the representations of Japanese ornament, as seen in Mr. Cutler's *Grammar of Ornament* and Sir Rutherford Alcock's *Capital of the Tycoon*. In truth, this particular crane should seem, from the numerous anecdotes and descriptions of travellers quoted in the pages of our Monograph, to have enjoyed a special favour with the Daimios and high functionaries at Yeddo. *G. leucogeranus* also ranks as a superb crane, but differs from all other species of *Grus*, being distinct from Balearica in its trachea not being prolonged to enter a cavity in the keel of the breast-bone. The result is that the white crane's note is a feeble chirrup, contrasting strangely with other cranes, even the Balearica pavonina, one of the two species of North and West African crane, which, with *B. Chrysopelargos*, the Kafir or Crowned Crane of the colonists, constitutes a separate genus, Balearica. In the Ethiopian region are found, besides these, two species not occurring out of Africa, *G. paradisea*, or the Stanley Crane, and *Grus carunculata*, the wattled. This last stands about five feet high, and is marked by a pendent lappet of skin on each side of the throat. Its general colour above is grey slate, darkest on the back, wing-tips, and top of head; the neck pure white, the rest of the plumage black. In the Indian region two winter visitants are dubiously classed under the name of *G. Antigone*, whilst the Australian region possesses the so-called "Native Companion" (*Grus australasianus*); and the North American region is tenanted by *G. americana*, *G. canadensis*, or the Sandhill Crane, and the doubtful species *G. fraterculus*, which is suspected of being a pigmy *G. canadensis*. The great distinguishing mark of the *G. americana* (or Whooping Crane) from its congener (*G. canadensis*, or Sandhill) is that the red skin of the crown does not extend nearly so far back upon the occiput as in the latter, and terminates behind in an obtuse point, instead of being bifurcated. The student who girds himself to the task of discriminating these sometimes intricate species will, as we have said, find his work eased and enlivened by characteristic descriptions and features; as, for instance, *à propos* of the "Native Companion" and its stately and elegant picturesqueness of movement, Mr. Gould's anecdote in p. 52, the same author's testimony to the same bird's easy and graceful gyrations when high in air, and, above all, a very vivid story told in the Monograph (p. 10) concerning two of the Australian cranes, which, having been won over to become domesticated in a settler's yard, induced a pair of wild birds to settle and feed near the house, and by degrees to venture so far as to follow the tame birds into the kitchen and feed from the servant's hands. One day, however, a servant roused the temper of one of the wild birds by ruffling its feathers. The wild birds, having taken affront, flew high in air, and uttered hoarse calls to their friends below, which, after repetition for several days, succeeded in leading their long-domesticated friends also to desert the home of years, never to return. We could cite a parallel anecdote of a pair of wild ravens from the Radnorshire hills seducing one of their long domesticated kinsfolk from its home on the outskirts of a border town, within living memory; but we doubt whether the pheasant, with all the appliances and opportunities of naturalization, is not a more thoroughly irreclaimable "wildling of nature" from innate shyness, than the crane walking at large at Paramatta (Monog. p. 52). In his second and improved edition of *Pheasants; their Natural History and Management*, happily coincident with the happy issue of the *Cranes*, Mr. Tegetmeier has republished, with large additions, a volume first published in 1873, which contains *inter alia* singular evidence of the incapacity of pheasants for domestication, quoted from such accurate observers and naturalists as the famous Charles Waterton. Although our limits will not suffer us to dwell upon the inborn shyness, which defies all attempts to make the familiar type of this bird breed in our yards, or the evidences of its *fera natura* in its pugnacity and carnivorousness, the new edition of *Pheasants* may be seasonably studied at this present time for its points, as well of contact as of contrast, with the *Cranes*. Thus, the pheasant (as we learn from Mr. Tegetmeier) is probably polygamous in a state of nature, whereas we have seen that the crane usually mates for life. As a rule, the cock pheasant disdains any concern or care with incubation, though anecdotes are credibly cited of their watching and nursing the young when bereaved of their mother. The pheasant, too, says our author, is, like most of its congeners, a terrestrial bird, seeking its food, making its nest, and rearing its young upon the surface of the ground. Its legs also, strong and muscular, like those of all true scratching birds, both enable it to run with great speed, and by their strong, blunt claws tend to procure from the ground seeds and tuberous roots, worms and larvae. One cannot have examined the testimony of those who

have given ablest testimony to the various species of cranes in the matter of esculence without seeing how akin, at any rate, in their taste for roots, bulbs, and grain berries, are the pheasant family likewise. Well-cultivated grain-fields are essential to this bird's well-doing, and we suppose that no sportsman or observer of the pheasant's habits is unaware of its fondness for the easy-grown Jerusalem artichoke. It would seem from unquestionable evidence that where, as in the Dukeries, or in Norfolk, the pheasant is highly preserved, and multiplies exceedingly, a natural limit is set nevertheless to their increase. They are apt to be found dead without apparent cause in plump condition and glossy plumage, Mr. Tegetmeier ascribes this to apoplexy, arising rather from over-feeding on maize and over-stimulating food than through any epidemic disease from overcrowding. Elsewhere he regards as a safeguard against such mishaps an abundant supply of the fresh vegetable diet, of which the pheasant is naturally fond. On glancing at the pheasants adapted for the aviary, uncommon species imported within the last fifteen years in some cases, we are attracted by the remarkable and comparatively novel group of the eared pheasants (*Crossoptilon*), of which four species are known, but one only, the Manchurian, has been received in Europe alive. Sober brown in body colour, it is little marked except by large size, and the peculiar character of the tail coverts, which spring from the lower part of the back, and greatly obscure the true tail. Its legs and feet are red, with bluntly pointed claws, and the head, striking in its pale, fleshy white, vaulted beak, contrasting with the red skin of the face, which is set off by the white feathers of the bird's so-called ears. Of these eared birds our author makes an exception in the instinct of domestication, and affirms that he has seen specimens of them in the Welsh hills, at Mr. Stone's residence, as familiar as barn-door fowls (p. 130). The Manchurian pheasant is said to hail from the mountains north of Pekin. A Manchurian crane is seen at Shanghai and Pekin.

#### WOOD MAGIC.\*

BY this time we know very well what to expect in a book by the author of the *Gamekeeper at Home*. It will, to begin with and above all, be redolent of field and forest, meadow and hillside. We should as soon expect Dibdin to sing songs for land-lubbers as Mr. Jefferies to take us willingly into streets, towns, houses, and among the strange creatures—almost as wonderful as his weasels—who inhabit them. In a street, indeed, he must feel as cramped and strange as any child of the Desert. Nothing to watch; no ash-trees, no ferns, no tall bulrushes; no kingfishers, bullfinches, or squirrels; not even an otter in the gutter. For no man, living or dead, has written of the country as Mr. Jefferies writes; others, who love to roam over the broad downs of England, through the coppices and along the streams, are mere practice-hands compared with this Doctor—this *Doctor Mirabilis*—of woodcraft. A tree to most of us is a tree, and nothing more; to Mr. Jefferies it is a living, sentient creature, sometimes malevolent and loving mischief, even to the astounding extent of keeping rotten branches for squirrels to fall from, or to be dropped on the heads of people who sit down beneath them—all the elms in Kensington Gardens which have been cut down were, in fact, punished for being thus "maïce minded"; sometimes they are kindly and benevolent; a tree is, moreover, the home of innumerable living things; in its branches live smaller creatures, the names and habits and language of whom are known to Mr. Jefferies alone, from the blackbird, the missel-thrush, and the tomtit, down to the little insects in the bark and the very larvae on the leaves. A ditch is to most of us, even the poets, little more than a deep furrow overgrown with bramble, tall grass, wild flowers, and thorn; it is well if we know just enough about plants to be able to tell the names of the lords and ladies, foxglove, eyebright, hawksweed, and the rest of the flowers which grow upon its brink. When the Master is there, however, the place becomes full, to his eyes, of the most wonderful and delightful things, the relation of which never tires him who tells or him who listens, and would be, by itself, occupation for the longest life. For what books were ever made large enough for the things which might be written of every animal, every creeping thing, every flower, every blade of grass in that ditch? And when he stands upon the "Roman Camp" on the top of the hill the wind whispers to him that great secret of nature, only comprehended beyond the ways of man—the brook down below has already revealed it to him—that "there never was a yesterday, and there never will be to-morrow, and it is all one long to-day." He is like Solomon, because it has been given to him to speak with understanding of trees, and of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things. And if by the "sons of Mahol" we may understand other botanists, observers, naturalists, entomologists, bird-men, flower-, wood-, and tree-men, then is Mr. Jefferies doubly like the wise King, for he is wiser than all of them.

He calls his new book a "Fable"; the title is bewildering, for we cannot discover in what sense it is a fable. When the wolf picks a quarrel with the lamb in order to make a meal off him, that is a fable, and we know what the story means; when the fox cries sour grapes, we know what that means, too, without being assisted by the commentator. But we cannot understand what is meant by the fable before us. The

\* *Wood Magic. A Fable.* By Richard Jefferies, Author of "The Gamekeeper at Home," "Wild Life in a Southern County," &c. 2 vols. London, Paris, & New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.



story is as follows. Kapchack is in love. The wasps and flies buzz the news about; the robins and wrens tell each other; the cows go "booming" the extraordinary intelligence from field to field; the trees whisper it; the heron flies into the air and cries it to all four winds. Kapchack is a magpie, and the king of everything, birds, trees, creatures of all kinds; he is an old magpie, and has been king so long that nobody knows when he began to reign. He has lost one eye, and the other eye is disfigured by the falling out of the feathers; his tail is no longer what it was; he is a dreadful tyrant and lives in an apple-tree, where he is supposed to have a great treasure hidden away; everybody fears and hates him, but nobody dares to say so except the rebellious Choo Hoo, the wood-pigeon. Many animals would make better kings, but they cannot agree among each other, so that Kapchack is unmoled. And he has fallen in love with the youngest and loveliest of the Jays. There is a solemn assemblage of the birds, attended also by the Mouse, the Fox, the Weasel, and the Stoat, to protest against an alliance so unnatural. But no one can be persuaded to carry the remonstrance to the king. Meantime, Choo Hoo, the rebel, has marshalled an immense army of wood-pigeons, and is flying to meet the royal troops. There is fighting, and, by a lucky chance, Kapchack is victorious. But at the moment of his triumph he is shot by an old gentleman whose love story had long ago been brought to a sad end by the thefts of the King Magpie. Then the Fox is elected king, and by a crafty rentry, which seems to give the wood-pigeons all they want, makes peace with Choo Hoo. There are abundant digressions, incidents, and episodes in this story, but this is the bald narrative. What does it mean? Is there any hidden allegory of Turkey and Russia? Are we to consider it a fable for all mankind, showing how the most powerful sovereign may be, in reality, a mere wind-bag of pretence and feebleness? Is it a lesson in the necessity for union, or in the art of governing, or the duty of honesty, or the uselessness of mere talk, or the vanity of all things? For it will do equally well for any of these things. In truth, the story of Kapchack is tedious, and may be passed by. Fortunately it only occupies about one-fourth of the whole. The rest is concerned with the wanderings and adventures of a little boy, the son of a farmer, who is called Sir Bevis. This very praiseworthy boy roams about the woods and beside the brook; he knows the language of every creature, and they all talk to him; he is not a pattern boy at all; he flies into rages, throws stones at the Swallow, quarrels with the Squirrel, is deceived by the Weasel, climbs into the tallet—of course everybody knows what a tallet is—takes moorhen's eggs from the rushes, hunts the hens with a stick, and goes into the mud dabbling for loach. One morning he goes out and finds the Weasel caught in a trap. The prisoner begs for liberty on the ground that he is in reality a most useful animal, who kills rats. The Mouse implores Sir Bevis not to let him free; he has not only destroyed the young mice, but also eaten the partridge's eggs:—

"And a very good thing I did," said the Weasel. "Do you know what would have happened, if I had not taken them? I did it all for good, and with the best intentions. For if I had left the eggs one more day, there was a man who meant to have stolen them all but one, which he meant to have left to deceive the keeper. If he had stolen them, he would have been caught, for the keeper was watching for him all the time, and he would have been put to prison, and his children would have been hungry. So I ate the eggs, and especially I ate every bit of the one the man meant to have left."

"And why were you so particular about eating that egg?" asked Bevis.

"Because," said the Weasel, "if that egg had come to a partridge chick, and the chick had lived till the shooting-time came, then the sportsman and his brother, when they came round, would have started it out of the stubble, and the shot from the gun of the younger would have accidentally killed the elder, and people would have thought it was done to murder him for the sake of the inheritance."

Sir Bevis lets this glib-tongued Weasel free; the next day he meets the Hare, who is weeping for her leveret murdered by the Weasel. Then Sir Bevis tries to kill him, but in vain, and it is while he is endeavouring to kill this murderer and deceiver that he talks with the Brook, with the Squirrel, and the Wind, who teach him a great quantity of useful things. The Squirrel tells him about the trees, how full of malice are the elms, how trustworthy is the oak, how tricky is the horse-chestnut, how everything, even a common flint, has the power of doing mischief, and therefore must be guarded against. The Brook talks to him about herself:—

"Sometimes I sing about the sun, who loves me dearly, and tries all day to get at me through the leaves and the green flags that hide me; he sparkles on me everywhere he can, and does not like me to be in the shadow. Sometimes I sing to the Wind, who loves me next most dearly, and will come to me every where, in places where the sun cannot get. He plays with me whenever he can, and strokes me softly, and tells me the things he has heard in the woods and on the hills, and sends down the leaves to float along, for he knows I like something to carry. Fling me in some leaves, Bevis, dear."

"Sometimes I sing to the earth and the grass; they are fond of me, too, and listen the best of all. I sing loudest at night, to the stars, for they are so far away they would not otherwise hear me."

"But what do you say?" said Bevis; but the Brook was too occupied now to heed him, and went on.

"Sometimes I sing to the trees; they, too, are fond of me, and come as near as they can; they would all come down close to me if they could. They love me like the rest, because I am so happy, and never cease my chaunting. If I am broken to pieces against a stone, I do not mind in the least; I laugh just the same, and even louder. When I come over the hatch, I dash myself to fragments; and sometimes a rainbow comes and stays a little while with me. The trees drink me, and the grass drinks me, the birds come down and drink me; they splash me, and are happy. The

fishes swim about, and some of them hide in deep corners. Round the bend I go, and the osiers say they never have enough of me. The long grass waves and welcomes me; the moorhens float with me; the kingfisher is always with me somewhere, and sits on the bough to see his ruddy breast in the water."

She remembers when the hippopotamus used to splash about in her bed; when the hills were differently shaped and she was a broad river; when people came to her banks and danced on the grass, singing songs without words, like her own; it was yesterday—ten thousand years ago—a single second ago; everything is almost the same; and the world is as young as ever it was. And as for the Wind it gives the child a lesson more beautiful than that of the Brook. Sir Bevis asks why the sun is up there, and which way does he go when he sinks beyond the wood, and who lives up there, and are they nice people, and who painted the sky? These, the Wind tells him, are silly questions asked by people who live in houses. We begin about this time, which is the last page but one, to believe that we have found the meaning of the fable, and that the impertinent Kapchack has only been introduced in order to darken the meaning and set those who are unworthy to divine the truth on a wrong scent. For the Wind goes on:—

"How can they know anything about the sun who are never out in the sunshine, and never come up on the hills, or go into the woods? How can they know anything about the stars who never stepped on the hills, or on the sea, all night? How can they know anything of such things who are shut up in houses, dear, where I cannot come in?"

"Bevis, my love, if you want to know all about the sun, and the stars and everything, make haste and come to me, and I will tell you, dear. In the morning, dear, get up as quick as you can, and drink me as I come down from the hill. In the day go up on the hill, dear, and drink me again, and stay there if you can till the stars shine out, and drink still more of me."

"And by-and-by you will understand all about the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the Earth which is so beautiful, Bevis. It is so beautiful, you can hardly believe how beautiful it is. Do not listen, dear, not for one moment, to the stuff and rubbish they tell you down there in the houses where they will not let me come. If they say the earth is not beautiful, tell them they do not speak the truth. But it is not their fault, for they have never seen it, and as they have never drunk me their eyes are closed, and their ears shut up tight."

#### LETHBRIDGE'S HISTORY OF INDIA.\*

"THE English student," says Dr. Arnold, in his *Lectures on Modern History*, "unless determined by particular circumstances, will have no difficulty in seeing that European history should be preferred to Oriental or colonial." This was delivered forty years ago before an Oxford audience, and we need not waste time in proving that there is a large and an increasing class of Englishmen to whom some acquaintance with the leading facts of Indian history is fully as important as a knowledge of Anglo-Saxon times. But we should not send beginners to Mr. Lethbridge's little volume. The subject is so gorgeous, the periods are so full of change, the names and dynasties are so perplexing, that the outlines of a period which ranges between the first Aryan immigration and the Imperial proclamation at Delhi could only be imparted through this volume by the worst process of cramming. Yet, viewed in the light of a manual, it possesses a real value. We do not allude to laborious students and staff officers who, after studying the works of Marshman, Kaye, Thornton, Mill, and others, are in need of a book of reference to refresh their memories as to places and dates. But politicians of all classes and men of independent means, who now cross the Indian Ocean as their great-grandfathers crossed the Straits of Dover, will find here a portable handbook which will give them just what they want. And yet Mr. Lethbridge's production rises above the rank of a guide-book or gazetteer. He has acted judiciously in describing India as it now is before he tells us about India as we found it. The first hundred and twenty pages are taken up with an account of the climate in which an Englishman will have to live, the races he has to govern, the languages he will have to speak, and the administration which he will have to carry on and improve. And we can fairly say that it would not be easy to select any annual report out of those issued periodically by the Governors of Presidencies or by the Secretary of State, which packs together so much authentic information and which embraces so wide an area. Some of the statements, from their compulsory brevity, may appear questionable or one-sided; a few are erroneous; but the majority of the topics are well selected and well arranged. Recourse has been had to the latest revelations of the official mind and to the most recent utterances of philologists and scholars; some experience of official life in India has taught Mr. Lethbridge the proper significance of native terms and phrases which it might be hazardous to handle without a little special knowledge; and though, as we have said, we should not recommend any one to go to this volume in order to begin Indian history, we can gather from it how and where that history may be studied. The great historian whom we have already quoted, in his last utterance on his favourite study, gives advice which a student would do well to follow. "Keeping the general history which he has been reading as his text, and getting from it the skeleton, in a manner, of the future figure, he must now break

\* *A Short Manual of the History of India; with an account of India as it is: the Soil, Climate, Productions, People, Races, Administration, &c.* By Roper Lethbridge, M.A., C.I.E., Press Commissioner with the Government of India, late Scholar of Exeter College, Oxford, formerly Principal of Kisbunagar College. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

forth excursively to the right and left, collecting richness and fullness of knowledge from the most various sources." By those who so pursue historical studies, a manual can be used with advantage and credit.

We shall just note a few instances where Mr. Lethbridge's statements seem to us at issue with right readings or conclusions generally accepted. The navigation of the Hooghly above and below Calcutta though intricate, hardly justifies the censure that "it is one of the most dangerous ports in the world." Somehow, in spite of the James and Mary shoal, the Rungafulla flat, Bibi Domingo's hump, and the Protean vagaries of a shifting channel, an enormous mass of shipping gets to and away from Calcutta in safety every year. Mr. Lethbridge speaks more to the point when he shows that good water and a complete system of drainage have of late years materially reduced the death-rate in that city. It may be doubted, too, whether complete reliance ought to be placed on the opinion that Indian manufactures are as yet in their infancy, and that they require nothing but English capital for their development. A whole essay might be written on the physical and moral obstacles to any such glorious commercial triumph. It was, perhaps, not to be expected that Mr. Lethbridge should resist using the cant phrase about Bengal districts being "as large as Yorkshire." Every now and then, as a variety, they are reduced to the "size of Suffolk." But, in truth, owing to the establishment of subdivisions in very many districts, to the halving of such huge counties as Tirhoot and Rajmundry, and to increased facilities of communication by road and rail, the average area of vague magisterial jurisdiction has been much reduced. There are few places in Bengal or the Doab which are more than twenty miles from a magistrate or "the joint," or "the deputy"; and admirable County or Small Cause Courts are now found elsewhere than in Calcutta itself. Then, when Mr. Lethbridge, in his account of the castes of natives, says that "most syces, or grooms, are Mohammedans," he cannot be ignorant that this duty is discharged by a very considerable number of low-caste Hindus, who drink like fishes and will eat almost anything. To go back to Manu, whose laws are described as "very rude, but not cruel," we think we could adduce instances from the detailed code of that remarkable lawgiver which would go a good way, even in Ireland, to sustain a charge of cruelty. Brahmins are by Manu doubtless treated with exceptional tenderness, whatever crimes they commit; but what are we to say of adulteresses exposed to be devoured by dogs, while the adulterer is tied to a bed of hot iron—Damien's bed of steel—or mutilations for theft, or the slitting of the tongue of a Sudra who happens to use bad language to a Brahman? The zoology is briefly told but generally accurate. The wild buffalo is, however, found in other places besides the Sunderbunds and the Himalayan Terai or malarious tract at the foot of the hills. Large herds of these animals used to roam about the grassy plains of Central and Lower Bengal, and not thirty years ago a herd of two hundred of them might have been seen in the northern parts of Mr. Lethbridge's own district of Kishnagur or Nuddea. But agriculture and sporting magistrates and planters have much thinned these noble animals, though splendid specimens are still shot in the province of Assam. We take exception to one explanation of the name of the Punjab king who met Alexander on the Jhelum. "Porus," says the author, "seems to have been simply the Greek spelling of a common name *Purusha*, the man or hero, just as the Persian *Darwesh* (the king) became Darius, and the Keltic Bran became Brennus." Leaving the Kelts alone, we observe first that *Darwesh* in Persian means "poor," "indigent," and has no connexion with kings. The Greek Darius is, however, generally held to be a mere elongation of *Dāra*, "one who holds fast," "a possessor," "a sovereign." The Persians not infelicitously applied this term to Alexander himself, as "*Dara-i-Rūm*," the Darius of Rome. As to Porus, the original name must, obviously, be sought for in some term or title familiar to Hindus at all times. Now *purusha*, to this day, is used to denominate the male sex or the living principle. Colloquially, man and woman are now spoken of as *stri-purush*. The idea of a native Raja of pith and power being designated in the camp two thousand years ago as *sa purusha*, "that male," is one that could only have originated in the mind of some bewildered and blundering pedant, utterly ignorant of active and practical life. Porus, Mr. Lethbridge does add, is derived by some authorities from *Paurava*, the descendant of *Puru* the sixth monarch of the Lunar race. And this, we need hardly add, is an intelligible and acceptable explanation of the Greek name. Mr. Lethbridge can hardly have read Boswell's *Life of Johnson* with attention or he would have recollected the lexicographer's indignation on finding, in an index, "Milton, Mr. John"; nor would the Doctor's wrath have been mollified had he foreseen that his friend and contemporary would ever be described in any history at all as "a famous orator named Burke." But Mr. Lethbridge seems to have an affection for this phrase. Sir Walter Gilbert is toned down to a "brave English general named Gilbert." When we add that many Anglo-Indians would demur to the description of Lord Auckland as a man of "great abilities," we have done with criticism and may congratulate the author on his general immunity from serious blunders.

Reverting to the structure and chief aim of the work, a student will gain from the maps and the introductory chapter some leading ideas to assist him in estimating the true value of Hindu traditions and legends and appreciating the historical memoirs of Mohammedan annalists. While three enormous tracts of Northern and Eastern India are watered, respectively, by the

Indus, the Ganges, and the Brahmaputra and their affluents, the supply of water in the Central and Southern provinces is provided for by the range of hills in the Bombay Presidency known as the Western Ghats. This chain forces such large streams as the Wurda, the Wyngunga, the Krishna, the Koleroon, and the Tungabhadra to flow from west to east, instead of precipitating themselves, after a brief course, into the Indian Ocean near which they rise. This physical fact, added to the existence of similar ranges of mountains that traverse India, and to the consequent formation of plateaus of different elevations, confers the charm of variety and picturesque beauty on less known parts of our Empire and on native States of every size and quality. Here, we have still to deal with scanty populations, dense forests, and aborigines of strange speech and primitive manners, who live by hunting and exist where ordinary Hindus would die of fever or *enuui*. It also explains the irresistible advance of Aryan conquerors over the Punjab and the upper Ganges, and the establishment of powerful dynasties at such well-known places as Hastinapura, Ayodhya, Kanauj, and Oujein. It stands to reason that, if the plains of Upper India were ever at a remote period occupied by purely aboriginal tribes, these races with their rude weapons had no chance on level ground against invaders from the north, nurtured in a more bracing climate and already boasting of chariots, armour, and coats of mail. Whatever may be thought of savage kings in their fastnesses, known to Hindu poets as Rakshasas, Dasyus, Asuras, and generally of black complexions and demoniacal natures, it is not likely that they could make any resistance to multitudes who had Brahmins for their priests and lawgivers, and Kshatriyas for their commanders and kings. Hence, also, it is easy to understand how Hindu civilization took a long time to reach the Deccan, and to erect those splendid structures which are still the wonder and boast of districts of Madras. Mr. Lethbridge thinks, and with every appearance of truth, that the old legend of aid given by Sugriva and Hanuman the monkey kings, to Rama, conceals an alliance between the Aryan invader and the aboriginal tribes. We doubt, however, whether he is quite justified in deducing the custom of polyandry from one precedent in the Mahabharata when Draupadi became the wife of the five Pandus. The legend, as told, is that the brothers, on arriving at home, said, "Mother, we have brought you alms" (*bhiksha*); to which the old lady replied, "Then share it among you." And though the speaker was horrified at discovering the real state of things, she agreed with her sons that Draupadi must become the wife of them all. The late Mr. H. H. Wilson, as we remarked in a review of Colonel Marshall's *Todas*, inferred from this ghastly legend that the practice did prevail in the Himalayas and even in the plains at the epoch of the Mahabharata. King Drupada, the father of the bride, seems to have had a holy horror of the whole proceeding. The collapse of the original Aryans after several centuries of comparative splendour and prosperity when assailed by energetic and intolerant Mohammedans was a foregone conclusion. All early invaders came from the north, as has been often observed; and a few centuries of isolation, excessive heat, and priestcraft would render Hindus, however brave constitutionally, wholly unequal to cope with vigorous iconoclasts who had already carried the green flag over all Asia, and a good deal of Europe and Africa besides.

Mr. Lethbridge further brings out the utter inability of the earlier Mohammedan dynasties to keep their whole empire together. The Lieutenants or Viceroyalties seized on capitals, established kingdoms, coined money, and proclaimed independence. Even Hindu Rajahs again came to the surface in the fifteenth century, and it was left for the lineal descendants of Timur to overrun Northern India, and penetrate Bengal and the Deccan. A dispossessed Hindu might have reflected with grim satisfaction that very few of his conquerors could really boast that they were entitled to perform the legendary ceremony of the *Asvamedha*, or horse sacrifice. This was the symbol of wide supremacy, and a correct and spirited account of it is given in p. 151. From the traditions of the Mahabharata and the pageant of an effete Mogul sovereignty at Delhi, it is natural to turn to the assumption of the Imperial title by the Queen of England. Mr. Lethbridge wisely avoids making deductions and moral reflections, and confines himself as much as possible to figures and facts. But two conclusions force themselves on us as we close the book; one, that all Englishmen should unite in a firm determination to retain, at all hazards, a dependency which has cost us so much to acquire and where we are doing a necessary work; and the other, that our supremacy in India will never really be endangered by Pathan, Kelt, Slav, or Cossack, as long as we can rely on keeping the command of the sea.

#### THE NEW VIRGINIANS.\*

ENGLISH people who think of seeking their fortunes as agriculturists in Virginia should read *The New Virginians*. They will never cease to be grateful to us if they accept our advice. In the first place, they will be much entertained by a very lively and diverting book; and, in the second place, they will leave Virginia alone. The author of *The New Virginians*, who must be a more or less learned lady, as she has written the *Private Life of Galileo*, is also a woman of her hands. Living in a Virginian farm with her brothers, she did almost all the household, and a

\* *The New Virginians*. By the Author of "Junia," "Estelle Russell," &c. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1880.



great deal of the field, labour of the establishment. She dug deep pits wherein to plant trees; she was dairymaid, cook, gardener, and tailor. She herded the shiftless and mendacious tribe of negro servants, and she spoke to the enemy, even the mean white, in the gate. She arose early, at five o'clock, and late took rest, spending a combative day in improving nature's prospects, and restoring an anarchic corner of Virginia to something like order. She kept a good heart, enjoyed her laborious life, laughed at the myriad discomforts of Virginian existence, and got more fun than annoyance out of her bearish and uncivilized neighbours. Thus it is plain that she was no croaker, no discontented and repining fine lady. Yet, in spite of her pluck and good-humour, our author draws such a series of pictures of Virginia that most English people would prefer to emigrate to the Transvaal, and trust to the uncovenanted mercies of our conquerors in that country.

If any one wants briefly to know what is the matter with Virginia, we may say that almost everything is the matter with it. The land is exhausted; the people, black and white, have carried casualness to the perfection of a fine art, and their ignorance of how to live is stupendous. Labour is dear and abjectly worthless. Provisions are hardly to be obtained, and all the necessities of existence are made "cheap and nasty" for the Southern market. The nastiness is much more manifest than the cheapness, which would be considered ruinously expensive in England. After some experience of Virginia, our author came to the conclusion that the American part of *Martin Chuzzlewit* is no caricature. "To my mind it reads like a literal transcription of facts." But we must give a few details of the distressful conditions of "old Virginny."

The author, with her party, a brother, and another lady, landed, one hot June morning, at Norfolk, in Virginia. The prominent citizens were all on the wharf, watching the steamer being unloaded. One prominent citizen very gracefully presented the fair stranger with a flower, a calycanthus. From the description of this blossom, we gather that a calycanthus would be a nice flower to sit up all night with. But Virginia is not rich in such amenities. Norfolk was a collection of shanties and tumble-down wooden houses, painted to resemble granite. The English party took "the cars" and went "up country." They did not prefer "the cars" to our system. "If there happens to be a lunatic [or, perhaps, a "countryman"] on board, I would rather be in an American car; else, I prefer the English compartment." In the ladies' cars spittoons are gracefully arranged at every two or three seats. Here the free Virginians chew tobacco and make use of the spittoons. The landlord of a "quiet family hotel," in the intervals of spitting, asked our author, his guest, whether she had left her bean behind, or brought him with her. A frank and insatiable curiosity about beaux is a feature in the conversation of Virginia's foremost families. By the way, in case we forget, the Virginian expression for shopkeeping is "entering public life." This is a pleasing example of the pride of Virginia, which appears to be an elaborate compound of democratic impudence with aristocratic pretension. Near the settlement of our author was a lady named Robertson, much looked up to because she claimed descent from "The Earl of Scotland." A gentleman averred that he was the real Earl of Mar, and another believed himself to be a British nobleman "kep' out of his own," because he was in some way connected with some one who had once been knighted. An old peerage, which had been pushed into a corner of one of our author's trunks, was gratefully borrowed, and read with pious interest. "One lady who—her income averaging about \$1. per annum, is chiefly supported by gifts from the Freemasons—said she would rather go without milk all her life than see her daughter milk a cow." Every one is too proud to work; the very negroes suddenly "allow that they don't feel like washing," or digging, or whatever their task may be, and loaf off to the nearest whisky shop. There are exceptions, and the author knows "one pretty girl, who rose every morning at four, milked the cows, got breakfast ready, with muffins or hot rolls, made the parlour and dining-room tidy, and got herself neatly dressed, coiffure and all, by the time her parents were downstairs. This she did all last summer, because their cook had a week's holiday given her, and "did not feel like coming back for four months." The author had to do all the serving that was needed, because a white serving-woman, if engaged, would have demanded to be treated like one of the family, would have tried to flirt at breakfast and dinner with the men of the house, and would have borrowed bonnets and shawls from the ladies. Mixed with this freedom of manners is the most shameless habit of begging everything, from whisky to tar, from bread to flower-seeds and roots, and wood to make a baby's coffin. The neighbours of the English settlers used their stores as Robinson Crusoe used his invaluable wreck, as a ready and inexpensive supply of all necessities.

To return to the order of events. The English settlers, driven by dirt and vermin out of the hotels, penetrated by an impossibly bad road into the country. Even to the eye of a lady the land looked impoverished, used up. The adventurers settled with the brother "A," who had already been for some time in Virginia, and they built a house after the manner of the country. The author learned, after many failures, to make bread, and also acquired, with pains and labour, the still more difficult art of making butter. Then the farming brothers began to improve their estate, which was "subdued some" by agriculturists who, in the past, had taken many crops out, and put nothing in. They learned that a return of five bushels for one was thought very good business, and they

might hope for as much, "unless the chinch bug gets in, and then—why you might as well plough it under." Most of the cleared land is so impoverished that you can do nothing for it by sowing a crop of clover and turning it under green. The soil will not take clover. But the land of our author's farm was not so poor but that it would sprout peas. So they sprouted peas, and bought a little manure, and were thankful. The neighbours did nothing in farming without consulting the moon, and one somewhat dilatory husbandman declared that he would not plant his potatoes "till the moon was square." No mean whites were above what the author calls "this degrading superstition."

Snakes and "bugs" of all sizes are among the minor drawbacks of life in Virginia. Flowers, for people who like them, somewhat temper the troubles of existence. Our English settlers had heard that winter was a mere sham, and that no warm dresses were necessary. They were therefore surprised by a "cold snap," in which the rivers were frozen so hard that carts could cross on the ice. By the middle of March the weather had become so hot that it was possible to work in the garden only in the early morning.

The condition of Virginia, or rather of that part of it described by our author (for we cannot believe that the whole country is so woebegone) is the direct result of slavery and of the war. The whites got into indolent Southern habits, and despised labour; the negroes, as they are no longer obliged to work, naturally work as little as possible. They enjoy very copious religious privileges, and we quote the latest thing in hymns:—

Right away to hebbon on de in—gine!  
Right away to hebbon on de in—gine!  
All cullud folks aboard dis train—  
All cullud folks aboard dis train.  
Go 'way white folks, no place for you,—  
All darkies come aboard.

Right away to hebbon on de in—gine!

As to the old state of things before the war, the author gives one story of "a female Legree" and her son, so hideous that we do not care to quote it. The English settlers had a servant, "Aunt Caroline," who had been the slave of the female Legree. Here is one of her anecdotes:—

"W—ell, you see, ole Mis', she like dat. She always keep de folks goin'; an' if dey didn't go, she whip um. Now you see dat ar Dick, her youngest son, him what took de horse, he was *always* whippin' de folks round. I seen him go in de wood, an' cut him a big new hickory-stick, an' cut you about with it, like if you was one of dem ar steers. He was mighty bad, he was; jes, like his ma'. She always throwin' somethin' at you. Once she throw de carving-knife at Sally, an' it stuck in dat chile's hip, I tell you. You all say Sally ain't no 'count. All you wouldn't be no 'count nuther, if you'd been beaten about and jumped on like dat chile was."

We add one other specimen of the tender mercies of the old Missus:—

"She throw one o' my chil'en on de fire, 'cause it always cried."

"Now that is too horrible. Do you mean me to believe that?"

"You needn't if you don't like," says aunt Caroline. "I was this a-way. I out ploughin', an' dat baby wan't peart, an' want to be nussed an' tended; an' ole Mis' was always cryin', an' ole Mis' get so mad with it, one day she throw it on de fire; an' when I come in, dat baby back all burnt. Den she send for ole Dr. Chetwynd, an' he found out she throw dat chile on de fire. Den he say he never come to de house no mo'; he won't go to de house whar dey burns up de folks."

"And the baby died? Wasn't it dreadful, aunt Caroline?"

"Oh, I got no time to think 'bout it!"

We trust that Aunt Caroline had the servile vice of mendacity; but this Virginian lady was no worse than the Roman women mentioned by Juvenal. The author naturally disbelieved in the possibility of a negro like Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom; but she was assured that such men were not unknown. But they were so highly valued as overseers and stewards, that only by very bad luck could they have fallen into the hands of a man so careless of his cattle as the Northerner—Legree.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book describes the feeling which existed, and still exists, between North and South. The *New York Tribune*, during the war, declared that the Southerners "must not return to peaceful and contented homes. They must find poverty at their firesides and see privations in the anxious eyes of mothers and the rags of children." Many examples are given of the pillage and extortion of the Northern invaders. "Such is the appearance of war," as the New Zealand proverb goes. When the abolitionists tried to get up a servile insurrection in May 1863, they tried to tamper with Generals Rosecrans and Garfield. But these gentlemen refused to allow the South to become "St. Domingo multiplied by a million." And President Lincoln, being appealed to by General Garfield and General Rosecrans, said that "the North could not afford it." The author thinks that the South cannot afford to be governed by the negro vote. We fancy that no readers of her book will care to throw in their lot with that of the Virginians, still less to make for their children a home in an unhappy and exhausted province, where the climate, in the long run, destroys English energy. In two generations our race would be effete in India, if settled permanently there, and Virginia seems as surely, though, of course, far more slowly, to ruin the qualities of Englishmen.

BLAIR ATHOL.\*

*BLAIR ATHOL*, which made its appearance appropriately in the week before the Derby, is a sporting novel with a moral purpose. To quote from the preface, "the object is to show in

\* *Blair Athol*. By "Blinkhoolie." Author of "The Tale of a Horse." &c. Chapman & Hall (Limited). 1881.

these pages, however feebly, that the love of a good horse, so far from being hurtful, may even serve to keep a man straight in life, and certainly in the racing world." The moral is a variation on the more general idea as to the influences of the love of a good woman, and it may possibly recommend itself to the ingenious youth who shrinks from the trammels and responsibilities of matrimony. But we may suggest that it has its dangers and must be liable to abuse. The judgment of the novice can hardly be infallible in a pursuit where the most wary veterans are mystified; and how will it be if, being dazzled by meretricious attractions, he happens to set his affections on an impostor? Even should they be bestowed on the most meritorious of objects, he may love not wisely, but far too well, when the odds are that his passion will take the practical shape of backing his favourite more or less imprudently. The best of horses will be beaten for the events for which they were regarded as moral certainties by their admirers; and losses on the turf are not the less inconvenient because they came of the failures of animals of irreproachable character. Nor are doubts of the kind to be set at rest by fiction, since the author may arrange his facts so as to harmonize with his theories. In this case, so far as we can see, the most that can be said for the hero's devotion to Blair Athol is that, as he was set upon having a string of horses in training, he had some animals of unimpeachable strain in his stable. Certainly if the disposition is to be formed by an early and virtuous attachment, young Master Harry Jolliffe gave himself every chance. There never was so precocious a boy. In the opening chapter the curtain rises upon Langton Wold, where Harry and a chum of his, under the guidance of a disreputable old tout, have gone out to steal a sight of the horses at their gallops. Harry at that time is aged twelve; while Tom Blackburn, his companion and sworn brother, is six years his senior. But Harry is thoughtful far beyond his age, and talks and acts with airs of superiority, not to say of swagger, which Tom placidly puts up with as he well may; for though Tom is no fool, we are told that Harry has been in the way of helping him in his studies, and the "young 'un" might have turned out an Admirable Crichton had it pleased him to make the most of his versatile talents. Possibly that eventful morning was the turning-point in a career on which it left indelible impressions. Had it not been for the never-to-be-forgotten spectacle which fired his soul, Harry might have sunk into a mere plodder at the Bar, bound on a weary pilgrimage to the woolstack, or settled down into a matter-of-fact statesman contented with the barren triumphs of St. Stephens. As it was—but we must not anticipate or spoil the interest of a sensational story. The venerable mentor of our young friend is speaking eagerly, "Here they come; now watch them closely." And he points the attention of the excited youngsters to some objects advancing in the distance. "There's the old mare Caller On, and there's Borealis, and there's Blair Athol. Now, then, look out." Then we have what is a very graphic and realistic description of the going of the three famous "cracks" as they sweep past the spectators. They are gone, and Harry's heart is with the "bald-faced chestnut." Already, in an excess of ardent emotion, he is experiencing the intoxication of blind hero-worship; and we have the first fruits of it in his prompt decision to have Blair Athol backed for the approaching Derby for all the pocket-money he and Tom can muster. The boys go back to Newton Vicarage, where Harry is studying with Tom's father, the Vicar. Had it not been for our knowledge that he has first made things safe with his future guardian angel at Langton Wold, we should have fancied that Harry, with his strong sporting proclivities, might easily have been trusted to better hands. For the Vicar is just the stamp of divine that we expect to meet in a sporting novel. He is "a clergyman of the good old school, now so rapidly becoming extinct," an excellent sportsman, a brilliant shot, a first-rate fisherman, a famous courser, and fond besides of "turning up on his cob at the cover side." He likes his bottle, too, and is beloved in his parish. But even the sporting Vicar would hardly have indulged the young scapegraces with permission to run up to town in the Derby week to see the favourite land their stakes. So they wisely take French leave, with a couple of hand-bags, and make their way across country to York, where they secure return tickets for London. So far, we should say, according to the popular ideas of parents and guardians, Blair Athol has hardly kept his admirers altogether so straight as could be desired. On the adventures of the innocents in the London streets we need not enlarge. On the whole, they fare better than they deserve; and, after being fleeced by a benign-looking old professor of the confidence trick, they are taken in and entertained by a benevolent publican. They are picked up on the course by a young cousin, who has the sense to see them remitted safely to their friends; and, as Blair Athol has honourably justified their confidence in him, they go home with a handsome sum of money in their pockets.

Four years have elapsed ere we meet them again. Harry has been following the guidance of his pole star, but it seems to have proved somewhat of an *ignis fatuus*, since he has been going crooked rather than straight. Alas for Blair Athol's boasted influence! "Master Harry, from being the quiet, good, and studious individual he at one time gave promise of, had quickly developed into a regular hare-brained youngster, recognizing no will but his own." Though in robust health, he has succeeded in wheedling the family doctor out of a certificate of illness, which explains his idling at Saltoun-on-the-Sea, in place of pursuing his studies at Rugby. Nevertheless "Blair Athol, it must be remembered, was still his idol, and as time went on the pleasing recollections of the

day at Epsom seemed to gather strength and sweetness, so that the great hero of that day was continually being placed on a still more lofty pinnacle of estimation." We feel that, so long as the youth cherishes such ennobling sentiments, he is not likely to be altogether lost. And just as we are inclined to despond as to his future, beneficent Providence gives him another chance. He has a happy inspiration, and this Rugby schoolboy, in his seventeenth year, comes out as the full-blown master of a racing stable. Not that the speculation at first sight appears promising, as he has been grossly swindled in a wholesale purchase of "cripples," and has fallen moreover into the hands of a rascally trainer. But when he subsequently becomes the proprietor of some of the stock of Blair Athol, we are in a measure reassured. The constancy to the pure old love ought surely to be rewarded; and though he may experience sensational losses and disappointments, his Blair Athol colts or fillies must pull him through in the end. So it proves, and so they do; and they struggle in winners by sheer pluck and stamina, though bribed and intoxicated jockeys may do their best to throw races away.

But a hero's Platonic adoration of a horse can hardly suffice for a latter-day novel. Harry Jolliffe, though his soul is in the stable, is by no means insensible to the attractions of the fair sex. Indeed, as we might have supposed, in the precocity of his affections he is little behind Lord Byron or Jean Jacques Rousseau and the many other geniuses who have blossomed prematurely. The boy whom we met on Langton Wold had been already sighing from a distance for Tom Blackburn's elder sister, who was only seven years older than himself. But, though "the sweet lady half encouraged him to go on," impressed, as we may believe, by his manly assumption, that affair had come to nothing. Now at Saltoun he is threatened with a serious and more suitable passion, for in this case the disparity of years is the other way. He is struck at a concert by a certain Kate Hamilton—partly, perhaps, from sympathy of affinities, for Miss Hamilton is at least as advanced for her age as her admirer had been. She "was only fourteen years old, but a complete prodigy for her age, as no one could have guessed her at less than seventeen. . . . Her features were simply perfect; indeed the eyes were terrible in their tremulous twinklings of mirth, sentiment, fun, love, and mischief." With those perfect features and those portentously expressive eyes we should have supposed the young lady's personality had been unmistakable. Nevertheless, Master Harry and his inseparable friend Tom go hunting another young lady for weeks, in the belief that she is the veritable Dulcinea. Miss Jones, the subject of this mistake, was only too ready to be courted; but the youths, with a modesty for which we should never have given them credit, sheepishly drew back from the advances they invited. This bit of distraction is a mere episode, though a lengthy one, and it embraces other lengthy episodes in turn—the author of *Blair Athol* is strangely discursive—like one of those intricate complications in ivory, carved circle within circle by the ingenious Chinese. The misunderstanding is cleared up at last when Harry makes acquaintance with his actual *anamorata*. That pleasing young person is quite as willing to be wooed, and as ready to be won, as the inflammable Miss Jones. Having secured the complicity of her good-looking young governess, who, being delighted to do a little bit of gentleman-stalking on her own account, has fixed her fancy on Tom Blackburn, the beautiful Kate Hamilton determines to introduce her admirer to her family dramatically. The girlish device is characterized by equal originality and delicacy. She is to strike out to sea when she leaves her bathing machine, and pretend to be drowning. The adventurous Harry is to be on the watch and plunge into the rescue. This he does accordingly, though at considerable personal risk, for although the young lady is at home in the water her admirer is not. Kate plays her part to perfection; Harry manages to scramble out to her somehow, and as he raises in his small but muscular arms the exuberant form draped in the clinging bathing dress, with an innocent absence of all *mauvaise honte*, she breathes into his ears jests appropriate to the occasion. Thenceforward and through the last two volumes, Kate and Harry play the leading parts. And we are bound to say that, in his relations with the "Blair Athols," he learns neither subtlety nor guile, nor even ordinary worldly wisdom. Horsemen are generally supposed to be sharp; and Harry, as we have seen, was a marvellously intelligent boy. Yet, on each of the critical occasions of his life, he shows himself stupidly simple. He is befooled by Kate Hamilton and her match-making mother, who, after in every way encouraging his advances, throw him over because they believe racing has ruined him. Kate marries a certain Mr. Lefroy, the same shrewd gentleman who had swindled Harry in his first racing purchases, and then she whistles the man she has rejected back to her. We should have said the veriest idiot must have seen that the disreputable speculator Lefroy had his own objects to serve in encouraging an ostentatious intimacy between his wife and his "friend." Yet the *protégé* of Blair Athol walks into the snares with his eyes open, entangling himself beyond easy extrication with the very slightest extraneous assistance. In fact, had Lefroy been plotting for a divorce with substantial damages, he would seem to have overdone the thing, for, had the trusting Mr. Jolliffe had the sense to think of it, he might have based his defence on connivance and condonation. But Lefroy's game is different. He means to take to flight that he may escape a prosecution for felony, and has resolved that Harry shall furnish the funds for giving him a fresh start in the New



World. Harry, who is invariably consistent to his confiding nature, yields credence to the most flimsily transparent falsehoods, and makes an advance of 500*l.* on unimpeachable security with the greatest pleasure. Sea-sickness enfeebles Lefroy, and touches his hardened conscience. He remembers a tender mother and her pious instructions, and—in place of repenting, he shoots himself. For all we know, Harry would have married the wealthy widow, and undoubtedly prepared much future misery for himself. But a most reasonable visit to Blair Athol in the stables of the Stud Company at Cobham brings him suddenly to his right mind, after half a lifetime of aberrations. "The phantasms, the enshrouding miasma of moral weakness with which he had been beset were clearing off as clouds driven by a rapid gale. . . . Blair Athol and Blair Athol's manager had made a man of him again—a man with a strong heart, a discerning eye, and a calm will." "All this," the author adds, "may seem incapable of belief." "Not at all," we are inclined civilly to answer. Or, at all events, incredible as it may be, there is nothing a whit more extravagant in it than in the plot, characters, and incidents of the novel from the first chapter to the last.

#### THE POLICE CODE.\*

THE metropolitan policeman who thoroughly masters the manual which the Director of Criminal Investigations has provided for him, must not only be an exceptionally "active and intelligent officer," but will acquire a considerable knowledge of the duties of a magistrate in addition to his own. In some country places, and before certain local Benches, this information might conduce to the public welfare, but London stipendiary magistrates may, as a rule, be safely trusted to perform their functions without the assessorship of Policeman X. The notion, however, of furnishing constables with a handy epitome of their duties and of the regulations affecting the force was a good one, and the public also has an interest in the information. It was not to be expected, perhaps, that such a work should display much literary ability, or that it should be of a very entertaining character, and yet Mr. Howard Vincent's manual is not without merit even in these respects. A great part of it, of course, consists of extracts from Acts of Parliament, for the style of which the author is clearly not responsible; but the parts which are from his own pen are sufficiently remarkable. The model chosen has apparently been the Proverbs of Solomon, Mr. Martin Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* having been subsequently studied in order to give a more modern flavour to the composition. Here are a few specimens of the maxims laid down; their morality and policy are beyond question, and we would suggest that they should be prepared as illuminated texts and hung upon the walls of the various police stations:—

There is nothing a police officer should more studiously avoid than argument; it rarely convinces any one and much irritates persons, smarting under some real or imaginary grievance.

A civil question will frequently elicit a courteous answer and valuable information.

A constable must speak the truth at all times and under all circumstances.

A police officer who keeps his own counsel, and does not gossip, or divulge confidences, will have plenty of informers.

Every minute spent in education is a sound investment, one certain to bear fruit, sooner or later, besides giving constant personal satisfaction.

Foreigners should be invariably treated by the police with the utmost consideration and respect.

The metaphor in the last extract but one is somewhat mixed, but the beauty and utility of the thought remain. Mr. Howard Vincent has more to say on the all-important subject of education:—

It is a duty every police officer owes to himself, to advance his education by every means in his power. A badly educated man cannot have much hope of rising to a superior rank, however good his conduct. Every police officer has many opportunities of improving his education, and acquiring a thorough conception of his duties. *If, for instance, he takes this manual, and, paragraph by paragraph, composes questions on the several subjects, and writes down the answers in an exercise book, and then learns them by heart, he will practice himself in writing and composition, he will improve his memory and the arranging powers of his mind, at the same time that he will acquire a general knowledge of the criminal law.*

If the officer follow this advice, he will also learn, among other things, to disregard the subjunctive mood, to punctuate with a pepper-box, and to spell necessity with two *c's*. Perhaps no better educational exercise could be devised than to analyse and interpret the following sentence in the book itself; it would form a crucial test of the intelligence of the constable:—

Letters from any doubtful source should be invariably replied to, through the local police, *legging that the writer may be acquitted if they think it desirable*, as instances are not wanting of police knowledge and intentions, being tested by confederates pretending to have been duped.

The punctuation of the original is carefully reproduced, but the italics are our own. If the communications of the police are usually of this character there is little ground for the fear expressed that their knowledge or intentions will be made too public. There are a few other passages in the work which concern, but will, we fear, rather perplex, the public. This, for example, is not void of difficulty:—

When once the mind of an officer, is made up, to arrest a delinquent, no must not be asked any question, without a strict caution that the answer may be used against him.

A law-abiding citizen desirous of doing his duty and of assisting the police on every occasion may well ask how he is to know when an officer's mind is made up, in order to abstain from asking him any questions? Or, granted that he has perceived the needful indications, and does ask the constable, for instance, the way to the nearest cab-stand, how can the latter's answer be used against him, and if so against whom? Even without the commas the language is mysterious; but, with the pepper-box punctuation, it becomes a problem to which that of "Fifteen" is simplicity itself.

Mr. Howard Vincent is particularly happy in his illustrations:—

A sends B, her child, five weeks old, packed in a hamper, as a parcel by railway, to C, its putative father, giving directions to the clerk to be very careful of the hamper, and send it by the next train. Although the child safely reaches its destination, the mother has unlawfully abandoned and exposed it.

There is something quite idyllic in the story thus suggested, and we feel it to be almost an injustice that A, even after giving directions to the clerk to be very careful of the hamper, should still be open to the charge of unlawfully abandoning B. But then the police is a naturally suspicious body and apt to put the worst construction on people's motives. This, though, is only as it should be, for we have recently had a painful experience of the inconvenience of their too guileless trust.

"Attic Larcenies" is the title of one of the entries in the work, and prepares us for a pleasant disquisition on the criminal classes of ancient Greece. It is, after all, a really useful hint to householders concerning a frequent means by which burglaries are committed, and against which to be forewarned is to be forearmed. Thieves often conceal themselves in an empty house, from the attic window of which they gain access to the attic window of an adjoining one. When an alarm of such an occurrence has been given, the police are told to go through the house robbed and "see whether the thieves have dropped anything," "or if there is any trace of physical injury necessitating application at a hospital or to a surgeon." Here, again, a perplexing question arises as to what physical injury a house can sustain, or how application at a hospital can mend matters. The passage probably means that the officers should see whether any of the thieves may have fallen through a convenient skylight or otherwise damaged himself, in which case he will probably be heard of at the nearest hospital or doctor's surgery. Another form of felonious entry is called "Portico larceny," and consists of climbing up the portico at an hour when the family and servants are not likely to be about. The manual considerably adds—for the benefit, we presume, of intending thieves—that "entry is much facilitated in summer by the windows over the portico being left open." Suspected beggars are to be watched from the opposite side of the street. When they have entered a house the constable is to cross over and wait for them, "their mode of exit will probably be an indication of whether they have stolen anything." This is another of those beautifully suggestive pieces of "word-painting" in which the writer excels, and we can easily conjure up the picture of the conscious criminal stealing off mysteriously with a large parcel and a bundle of umbrellas, while the vigilant eye of the police marks his every move.

Persons dressed as chimney sweeps leaving houses at an early hour of the morning are to be carefully watched, as the disguise has been utilized to favour the escape of burglars. This adds another element of horror to one of the most terrible trials of the modern householder, the sweep, who may be not only intent on robbing him of sleep at early dawn with his unearthly cry, but may have sinister intentions on the plate, and dirty the drawing-room carpets.

As the head of the newly-reorganized detective branch of the force it is interesting to know what Mr. Howard Vincent thinks of the duties of an *agent de sûreté*. It appears that humility and self-abnegation are among the most requisite qualities:—

Detective officers should be especially guarded against the arrogation of individual credit; and if they have any information, which may secure the arrest of a criminal, they should communicate it to the officer, who is placed in a position to work it out.

They should be watchful against taking cases away from each other, and especially from a uniform constable.

But above all, they should remember that it is far better to let ten guilty persons escape, than that one innocent person should be apprehended.

The next clause deserves especial attention at the hands of the authorities, for, as a rule, the "plain-clothes policeman" betrays his calling and purpose quite as clearly as his uniform and badge would do:—

Although the idea that a detective, to be useful in a district, must be unknown, is erroneous in the great mass of cases as he is then unable to distinguish between honest men, who would help a known officer, and others, it is nevertheless highly undesirable for detectives to proclaim their official character, to strangers by walking in step with each other, and in a drilled style, or by wearing very striking clothing, or police regulation boots, or by openly recognizing constables in uniform, or saluting superior officers.

Beyond the actual instructions to police officers, the work calls attention to several points of law which are insufficiently known, and of which it is very useful to remind the public. Any person, for instance, offering a reward for the recovery of stolen property, and implying that no questions will be asked, is liable to forfeit 50*l.* for every such offence to any common informer who chooses to sue for it; the printer and publisher of the notice are equally liable. The criminal classes, too, will learn with considerable personal interest that the very salutary law which enacts that prisoners cannot be tried again for any offence if a jury has once

\* *A Police Code and Manual of the Criminal Law.* By C. E. Howard Vincent, Director of Criminal Investigations. London: Cassell & Co. 1881.

acquitted them, no matter what additional evidence is obtained subsequently, does not apply to prisoners dismissed by magistrates, for these may, if necessary, be reapprehended. Ignorance of this may lead to very unpleasant results, and a case in point occurred not long since on the south-eastern circuit. A farmer had been charged with having set fire to a building in his occupation, with the intention of defrauding an Insurance Company, and was discharged for want of evidence, whereupon the Insurance Company paid the claim. Elated with his success, and burning with virtuous indignation, he insisted, against the advice of his solicitor, upon bringing an action for false imprisonment. The Company defended this, fresh evidence was brought to light, and the farmer was convicted and sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

There are certain omissions in the work which occasionally give rise to inaccuracies. Thus we are rightly told that an accessory after the fact to a crime is liable to two years' imprisonment with hard labour; but it is not stated that accessories after the fact to murder may be kept to penal servitude for life, or for not less than five years, and that in any case the accessory may be indicted as a substantive felon and punished accordingly.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

AUFIDIUS'S apophthegm that our virtues lie in the interpretation of the time is continually illustrated by the vicissitudes of the posthumous reputation of great men. The uniform testimony of history reaches the ear through a variety of mediums, and is affected in each successive age by a new set of prepossessions. There are many reasons why Wallenstein (1) should now be more favourably regarded by his countrymen than would have been possible but a few years ago. The enigmatical part of his career comprehends the last days of his life, and the problem is his fidelity or treachery to his Imperial master. Assuming his treason for argument's sake, it would have wrought good to Germany. However self-interested the motive, the practical result would have been to have secured religious liberty and saved fourteen years of civil strife. So long as the national unity remained a mere ideal such considerations but feebly affected the general estimate of Wallenstein; now, however, that Germans have actually seen it achieved by another great man not too particular in his choice of means, they may well begin to speculate whether Wallenstein may not have been a precursor of Bismarck. Dr. Schebek can thus rely upon a favourable audience; for he is, in fact, only telling his public what it has already said to itself. It is, of course, needful for him to go further, and prove his case by documentary evidence; and in any other country than Germany the prolixity which he has found or conceived to be requisite would be greatly in his way. It is probable, however, that the German public does not at all mind five hundred octavo pages of the largest pattern upon Wallenstein; the question will perhaps rather be whether everything that Dr. Schebek has brought forward is really relevant. His own theory is that Wallenstein was undermined during his life and calumniated after his death by the Bohemian Slawata, whose hand he discovers in the machinations that led to his fall, and in the various official and semi-official justifications of the massacre. In his own view, Wallenstein was perfectly sincere in his professions of his desire to crush the enemy, always acting, however, with the *arrière pensée* of obtaining a general pacification on honourable terms, or, if this proved impossible, of placing himself in a situation to lay down his command without danger, and retire into private life with dignity. It is impossible to follow his minute analysis of all the documents and circumstances bearing upon the question; and indeed, when all has been said, the impression remains that Wallenstein's conduct is an enigma, susceptible of many interpretations, and that the choice will commonly be determined by the prepossession of the interpreter himself. The most probable hypothesis of any is perhaps that of simple irresolution.

In the present circumstances of the Russian Empire the reading world may well feel indebted to Herr von Löher, already favourably known by his account of Cyprus, for a description of the general aspect of the country and the people as they present themselves to the observation of an intelligent traveller, at once exact and entertaining (2). Herr von Löher made a complete survey of the part of the country most easily accessible to travellers, entering it by way of Galicia, visiting Kief, Charkov, and the Ukraine, then working up his way through Moscow to St. Petersburg, and so home. The results of his observations are partly conveyed in the form of a narrative of his journey, partly in regular and well-digested chapters summing up the special features of Russian affairs or manners by which he has been principally impressed. Among the most important of these are the chapters on the Old Russian party, on the contrast between the Great and Little Russians, on Russian popular poetry, on the emancipation of the serfs, Nihilism, public instruction, and the national ill-will towards Germany. A war between the two nations appears to him by no means beyond the limits of probability, and he speaks of the levity and inflammability of the Russian character as a source of danger much in the same way as the neighbours of France have been accustomed to speak of similar

phenomena among her people. The existence of other qualities is acknowledged, not always easy to reconcile with this general conception; but, admitting the Russian's frequent energy, tenacity, and practical ability, Herr Löher nevertheless holds that there is great vehemence and impressionability beneath his apparently phlegmatic and inanimate exterior. This external torpor seems to be gradually passing away as the emancipation of the serfs slowly tends to the creation of a middle class. While the less industrious and intelligent of the peasantry are relapsing to the condition of labourers above which they were artificially buoyed by the old system, the better endowed are gradually becoming small independent proprietors, a yeomanry who will cultivate more land than absolutely required for their own support, and will be able and anxious to educate their children. Herr von Löher does not regard the Nihilistic agitation as very dangerous to the social edifice, however uncomfortable for highly placed individuals. To be really formidable, it must ally itself with the fanatical religious sects, an improbable though not impossible contingency. The Treaty of Berlin, Herr von Löher says, excited deep discontent, and was everywhere regarded as a humiliation for Russia.

Dr. Koch's monograph on the settlements of the Franciscans along the Rhine (3) is interesting, not so much with reference to its special subject as from the writer's general observations on the part played by the order during the first century after its establishment. As the Benedictines had represented the secular, and the Dominicans the ecclesiastical aristocracy, so the Franciscans expressly represented the poor. Their adaptation to the circumstances of the age was shown by their astonishing progress, as well as by the delicate commissions with which the Pope found it advisable to entrust them. Dr. Koch goes considerably beyond the merely topographical or antiquarian point of view of their civilizing influence upon the Rhineland, and his work affords an interesting sketch of their general character and usefulness.

It cannot be expected that the financial accounts of the city of Riga (4) should be very lively reading, but they are well worth publishing as a contribution to mediæval manners and legislation.

Staub and Tobler's Dictionary of the Swiss Dialect (5) is very full, and so much the more valuable, as, through the instrumentality of Jeremias Gotthelf and other popular novelists, this *patois* has obtained a certain rank in literature.

Herr Julius Rodenberg's visit to Belgium (6) on occasion of the jubilee of the national independence was made under the most favourable circumstances in several obvious respects; in others, a visit at a less effusive and convivial period might have been more profitable. Welcomed, caressed, and entertained as Herr Rodenberg found himself in common with other distinguished foreign guests, a *coulour de rose* view of the circumstances of the country was inevitable. We feel that the peculiar anxieties of Belgium are somewhat glossed over, and that we neither hear so much of discord at home or of danger from abroad as we might if Herr Rodenberg's observations had been made before or after his picnic. In literary and artistic matters his judgment is more independent, and we are indebted to him for excellent sketches of the present condition of both in Belgium, of the peculiar aptitudes of the Flemish and Walloon elements of the population, and of some of the eminent men whose acquaintance he made, especially M. Frère-Orban and Henri Conscience.

An anonymous narrative of a tour in Greece (7) is so briefly and pleasantly written, with brief but adequate notes on the most interesting objects of inspection and the best way of seeing them, that it is very likely to fulfil the author's purpose of attracting many other tourists to follow his example.

The "Foreigner's" (8) diary of travel is recommended by bright description and lively style, as well as by the excellence of the object to which the proceeds are to be devoted. A further recommendation is the photographic illustration of Palermo, Athens, Constantinople, and other celebrated places which adorns the book. Our tourist encountered no remarkable adventures; but his impressions are recorded with much graphic power, and his remarks on the condition of the countries he visited indicate an observer of penetration and good sense.

J. H. Lambert (9), a Swiss by birth, was an eighteenth-century philosopher of very varied accomplishments. He cultivated both physics and metaphysics, and his labours present a remarkable analogy to those of Laplace in the former and of Kant in the latter department. His life was uneventful, and Herr Lepsius's account of him is mainly confined to an analysis of his scientific ideas.

(3) *Die frühesten Niederlassungen der Mönche im Rheingebiete.* Von Dr. Adolf Koch. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Die Libri Redimtion der Stadt Riga.* Nach der Originalhandschriften herausgegeben von J. G. L. Napierksky. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Schweizerisches Idiotikon. Wörterbuch der schweizerdeutschen Sprache.* Bearbeitet von F. Staub und L. Tobler. Frauenfeld: Huber. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Belgien und die Belgier. Studien und Erlebnisse während der Unabhängigkeitsfeier im Sommer 1880.* Von Julius Rodenberg. Berlin: Paetel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Ein Winter in Griechenland, 1879-1880.* Leipzig: Teubner. London: Nutt.

(8) *Tagebuch aus Reisen (Sicilien, Athen, Constantinopel) herausgegeben zu Gunsten der Bazaars für "The Foreigners in Distress."* Von einem "Foreigner not in Distress." London: Kolckmann.

(9) *Johann Heinrich Lambert. Eine Darstellung seiner kosmologischen und philosophischen Leistungen.* München: Ackermann. London: Nutt.

(1) *Die Lösung der Wallensteinfrage.* Von Dr. Edmund Schebek. Berlin: Hofmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Russlands Werden und Wollen.* Von Franz von Löher. 3 Bde. München: Ackermann. London: Williams & Norgate.



The correspondence of Papin (10), the ingenious Frenchman who ranks among the precursors of Watt, affords, as published by Dr. Gerland, a lively picture of the sanguine, indomitable, and perpetually unlucky inventor. Engaged in the service of the Elector of Hesse, Papin is continually producing some invention which requires but a trifle to make it perfect, but not one of them seems to have obtained a practical result. His steam-engine is, of course, infinitely the most interesting to posterity among the various exercises of his ingenuity; more attention, however, seems to have been aroused in his own day by his submarine boat, and a plan for discharging hand-grenades by means of a pump. A boat designed to be worked against the current was confiscated as an infringement of the monopoly of the boatmen of Münden; an incident which has given rise to the unfounded claim made for him of having been the inventor of the steamboat, which he himself expressly contradicts. Leibnitz's and Huygens's letters to him are honourable to the writers, betraying, perhaps, a little of the stiffness natural to men in their superior position, but at the same time a genuine interest in the struggling inventor, and a sincere anxiety to be of service to him.

The third volume of the life of the renowned publisher Brockhaus (11) is the least interesting of the set, and is, indeed, of hardly any interest whatever, except to the family and the book trade. The historian of the latter in Germany, should such arise, may find a good deal of useful, though uninteresting, material in the copious details here vouchsafed us of Brockhaus's lawsuits and his difficulties with the censorship. His principal antagonist in the former was Müllner, the fatalistic dramatist, known to English readers as the butt of Carlyle's scathing ridicule; the latter class of difficulties involved him in relations with statesmen and judicial authorities, which, if but only half as tedious to experience as to read about, may well have contributed to his premature death.

Phocion (12), like Wallenstein, is one of the characters of history whose appreciation by posterity has responded to the fluctuations of political opinion. In monarchical times he has passed for a faultless hero; when Republicanism has been in fashion his integrity and disinterestedness have been deemed to be overbalanced by the lukewarmness of his patriotism. The late Professor Bernays has summed up the case with his accustomed mastery, and clearly established that Phocion is entitled to all the admiration due to a honest statesman who deliberately carries out a distasteful and even inglorious course of action from an overpowering sense of duty to his country. It must at the same time be admitted that, while the moral courage required for such an ungrateful part is rare and admirable, the courage that sets odds at defiance commands more of the world's admiration, and in the long run renders it more service. Demosthenes failed, but his example has been an invaluable legacy to mankind; while the example of Phocion, apart from his personal virtues, can only be recommended for imitation in States so far gone in decay as to be beyond profiting much by any example.

Professor von Ihering (13) is collecting the numerous valuable essays on jurisprudence which he has contributed to periodicals for the last quarter of a century. Seven of these are contained in the first volume.

Dr. Madvig, known as one of the first of living Latin philologists, has condensed the results of a life of study into a picture of the internal polity of Rome, both during the Republican and Imperial period (14). The first volume is divided into four sections, respectively comprising the original divisions of the Roman people under the Republic, the machinery of popular government and election, the executive power at the same period, and the organization of the Empire. The second volume will treat of municipal administration, justice, worship, and other departments of the State not comprehended in the account of the Constitution. To collect so many particulars, to exhibit them in their proper connexion, and to compress the whole into two volumes, requires a union of erudition and insight, and an energetic grasp of the subject, not often found in one person, but which Professor Madvig, the characteristics of whose style are massive force and business-like directness, seems to possess in an eminent degree.

It is now generally admitted that the beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche (15) is a fairy tale much more ancient than Apuleius, who first gave it literary currency. If a fairy tale, it will seem self-evident to many that it must also have been a solar myth, and nobody can quarrel with Dr. Zinzow for trying to work out the connexion. If, on the other hand, his learning and ingenuity fail in proving Psyche to be either the goddess of light, the goddess of spring, or the goddess of the sea—for his theory requires

her to sustain all these characters by turns—we shall be justified in suspecting the soundness of other and more plausible attempts to connect fairy stories with primitive theology. Before Dr. Zinzow's investigations are concluded, Psyche has become half the Pantheon, omnipresent in heaven, earth, and hell, more like Southey's Kehama than

The latest-born and loveliest vision far  
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy.

Cupid is identified with Pelops, and we know not what else. It seems to us that Dr. Zinzow has made the same mistake as Apuleius himself in endeavouring to extract more from his story than it is capable of yielding, and that he could have saved himself much trouble had he recognized the fact that it is a combination of three or four independent tales which had originally nothing in common. His sketch of Apuleius as sophist, priest, and mystic is erudite, but contains little that is absolutely new.

Optimism has been frequently criticized as a shallow theory. Dr. Duboc (16) probably designs to refute this imputation by demonstrating that an optimistic philosopher can be as profound as his neighbours. It would, at all events, be charitable to impute such consummate obscurity to so respectable a motive.

Dr. Raphael Koeber (17), although apparently a disciple of Schopenhauer and Hartman, advocates the cause of optimism indirectly by contending that the epithet pessimistic is inapplicable to a theory which promises the ultimate redemption of all things.

The *Rundschau* (18) is agreeably varied, with the conclusion of C. von Syden's tale, "Was macht man auf Hohenstein?" a very thorough study of Goethe's work as a botanist, with pertinent illustrations from his writings, and three biographies with more or less of a political character. The most important of these is the account of Marquis Wielopolski's attempt to reconcile Poland with Russia during his brief administration of the former country. Neither Russians nor Poles sincerely desired an accommodation, and Wielopolski's failure became the ostensible justification of the iron system of repression on which the Russian authorities, the Czar himself excepted, had probably determined upon from the first. The concluding part of Count Thos's entertaining reminiscences contains stirring anecdotes of the perils he incurred as a letter-carrier in the Sadowa campaign. The Hungarian national character is all the more graphically, because unconsciously, portrayed. "Rhodia" is an interesting example of Romaine folklore.

The most important part of the recent numbers of the *Russische Revue* (19) is Professor Brückner's account of Catherine II.'s instructions to the Commission charged to compile a code of laws. It forcibly illustrates the Empress's zeal for improvement, at least in the first years of her reign. The other articles are chiefly geographical or commercial. Nihilism is evidently a forbidden subject.

(16) *Der Optimismus als Weltanschauung und seine religiös-ethische Bedeutung für die Gegenwart.* Von Julius Duboc. Bonn: Strauss. London: Williams & Norgate.

(17) *Schopenhauer's Erlösungslehre.* Von Dr. Raphael Koeber. Berlin: Duncker. London: Nutt.

(18) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg Jahrg. 7. Hft. 10. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(19) *Russische Revue. Monatsschrift für die Kunde Russlands.* Jahrg. 10. Hfte. 3-5. St. Petersburg: Schmitztorff. London: Trübner & Co.

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(10) *Leibnizens und Huygens' Briefwechsel mit Papin, nebst der Biographie Papin's.* Herausgegeben von Dr. E. Gerland. Berlin: Akademie der Wissenschaften. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *F. A. Brockhaus. Sein Leben und Wirken.* Von H. E. Brockhaus. Th. 3. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nutt.

(12) *Phocion und seine neueren Beurtheiler.* Von Jacob Bernays. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Gesammelte Aufsätze aus den Jahrbüchern für die Dogmatik des heutigen römischen und deutschen Privatrechts.* Von R. von Ihering. Bd. 2. Jena: Fischer. London: Nutt.

(14) *Die Verfassung und Verfallung des Römischen Staates.* Dargestellt von Dr. J. N. Madvig. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Psyche und Eros. Ein milesisches Märchen in der Darstellung und Auffassung des Apuleius, beleuchtet und auf seinen mythologischen Zusammenhang, Gehalt und Ursprung zurückgeführt.* Von Dr. A. Zinzow. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Nutt.

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